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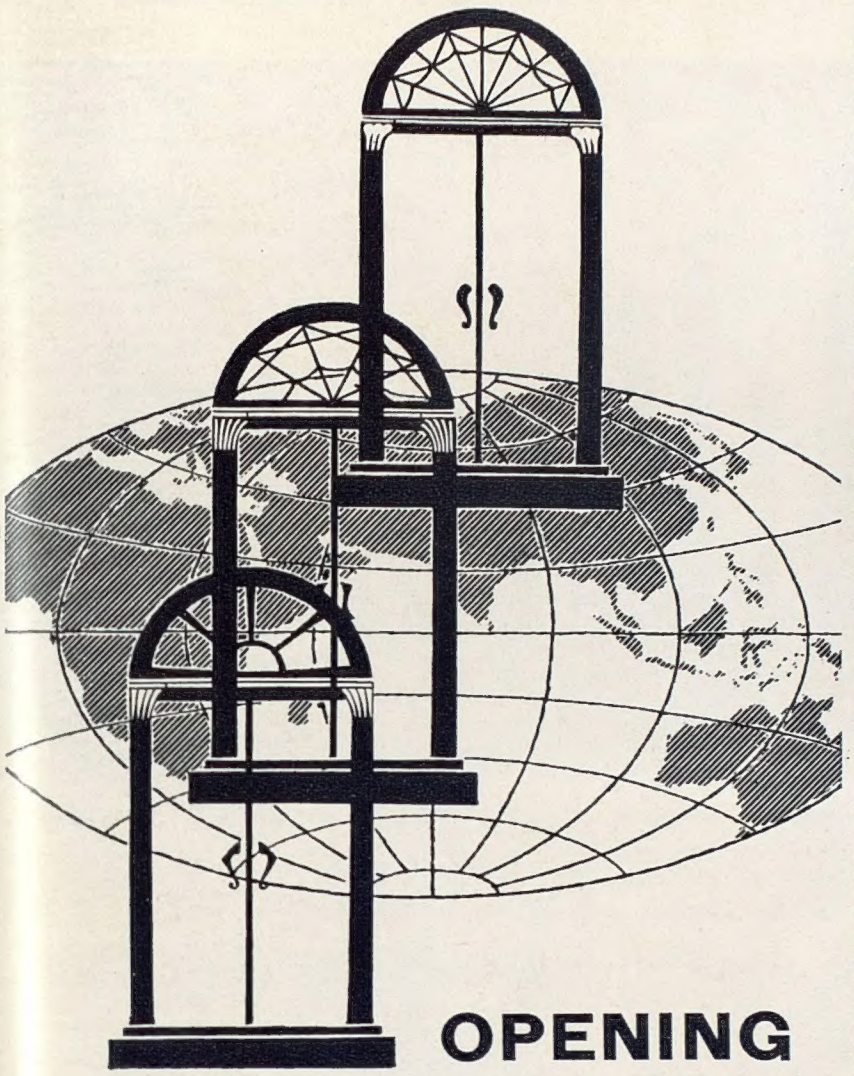

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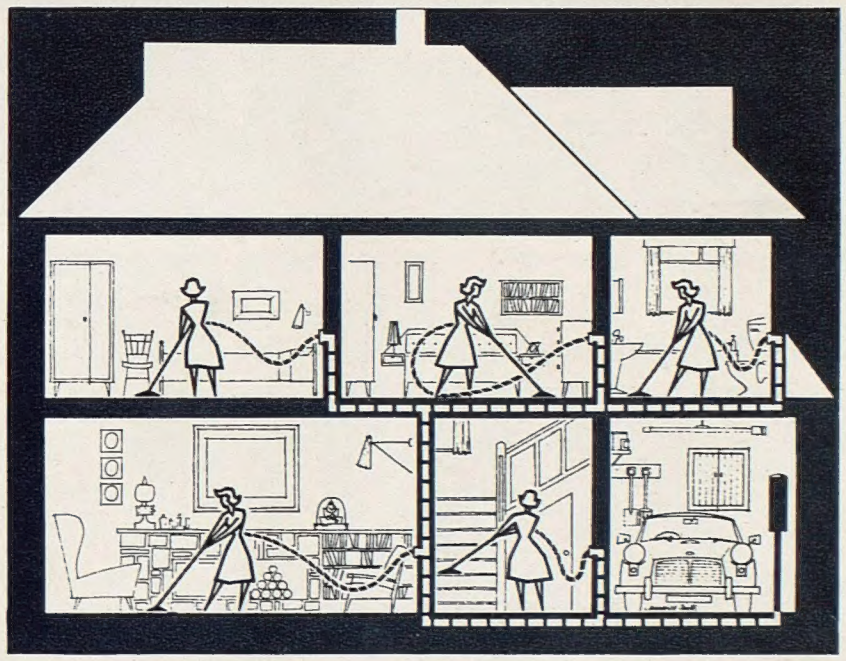

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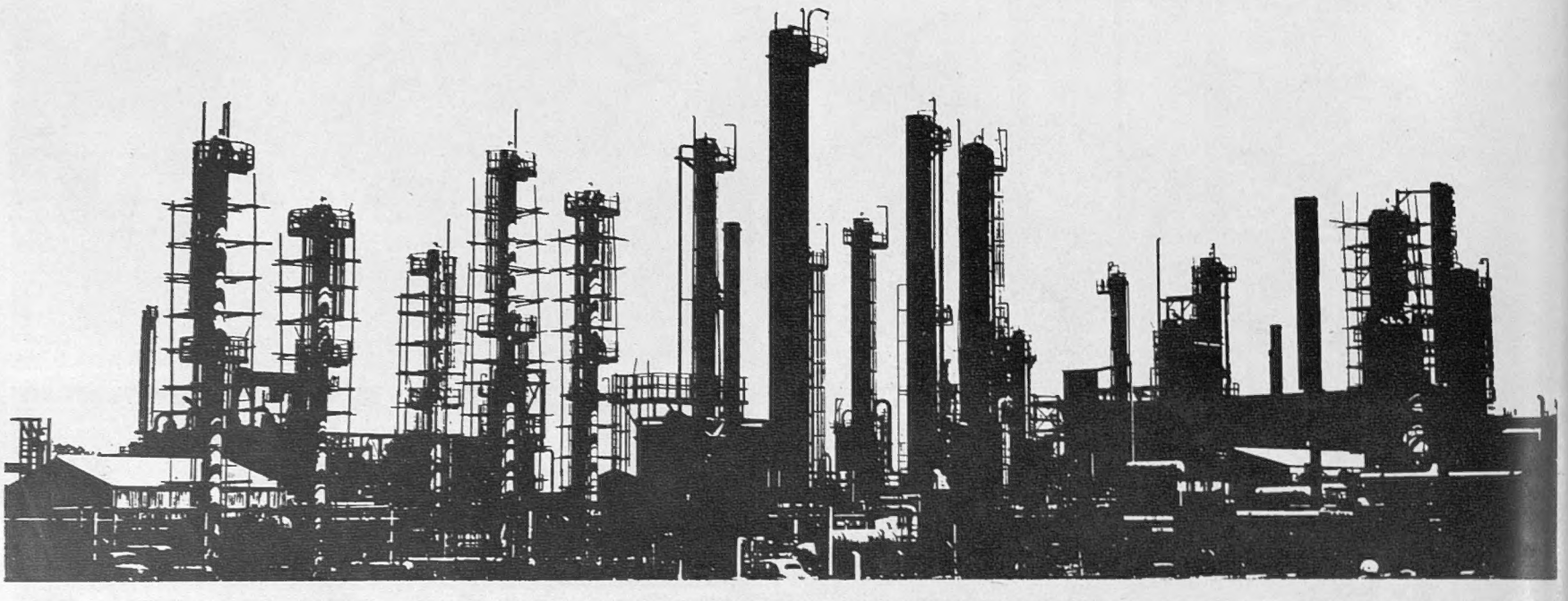
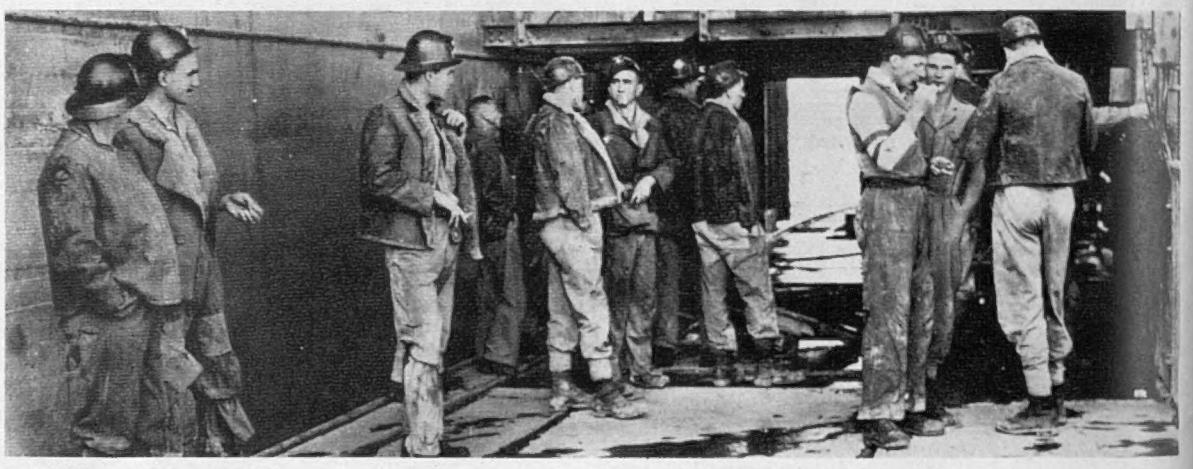
Focus on the Future





Gold and diamonds are indeed only the beginning of the story. There are no fewer than fifty other useful minerals. Nor is this fabulous natural wealth the main pillar of South Africa's economy. That distinction belongs to her manufacturing industry, which is without parallel in Africa. The new Republic uses twice as much electricity and steel as the rest of Africa combined. Since the war the value of industrial production has increased 400 per cent and export earnings sevenfold. Today her factories produce practically anything: even shoes from ostrich skins and oil from coal.

Britain alone has already invested nearly a thousand million pounds in South Africa. In addition, some five hundred million pounds in new capital is generated locally every year. No wonder that the new Republic is called the workshop of the continent.

And now South Africa is embarking on the world's largest hydro-electric and irrigation project. Such is her confidence in the future . . .

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Volume CCXLIX No. 3236

THE SPHERE

LONDON, June 9, 1962

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COMMONWEALTH HANDSHAKE

Postage: Inland, 4½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

Mr. Macmillan shakes hands with Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, at the door of Admiralty House, in London, after an informal dinner party at which Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary, were also present. In the background is Sir Eric Harrison, the Australian High Commissioner in London. Mr. Menzies arrived in London last week the day after agreement was reached in Brussels between the negotiators of Britain and those of the European Economic Community on the gradual withdrawal of preference on manufactured goods from Canada, Australia and New Zealand, to be complete by 1970. Some 400 items were mentioned, of a total value of £100,000,000 a year, of which £70,000,000 come from Canada. The enlarged Community would examine the development of trade with these three Commonwealth countries before each phase of Britain's adoption of the common external tariff. (For Mr. Menzies' views of the agreement, see *The Voice of the Commonwealth*, page 388). A full-scale debate on the Common Market question was planned to take place in the House of Commons on Wednesday and Thursday of this week

NEWS SUMMARY

The Common Market—pro and con; serious labour troubles in Britain's motor industry; food prices rise in Russia; another revolt of Marines in Venezuela

COMMON MARKET

Mr. Macmillan met President de Gaulle for talks last weekend at the Château de Champs at **Melun,** near Paris. A communiqué issued after the talks said that the leaders confirmed their agreement on the community of interest between France and Britain. In this spirit the negotiations in **Brussels** for Britain's entry into the Common Market would be continued. French officials described the talks as being " very cordial."

A joint statement issued in **London** by Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, and Mr. Marshall, the New Zealand Deputy Prime Minister, described last week's agreement in Brussels on the phased abolition of preference on manufactured goods from Canada, Australia and New Zealand as a " disturbing development." Mr. Menzies spent last weekend having talks with Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, at **Dorneywood,** in Buckinghamshire. They were joined during the weekend by Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, and Mr. Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary. (See also "*The Voice of the Commonwealth,*" page 388.)

Mr. Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada, in an election speech at **Kirkland Lake,** Ontario, said that Canada would have to adjust its trading patterns to Britain's " probable " entry into the Common Market. In Brussels, Mr. K. B. Lall, the Indian envoy criticised the proposals Britain had presented to the Six for safeguarding Indian trade as forcing India " to make more and more sacrifices."

Speaking in **Dortmund,** Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, said: " We are for British membership of the E.E.C., but not for Commonwealth membership, because the Common Market simply cannot digest the Commonwealth's economic potential."

At the council conference of the Socialist International in **Oslo,** Mr. Gaitskell welcomed the support given by Socialists in the E.E.C. countries to the idea of Britain, Norway and Denmark joining the Common Market. The conference supported extending the E.E.C. on the ground that it was likely to increase Socialist influence.

GREAT BRITAIN

Labour disputes, particularly in the motor industry, clouded the industrial scene last week. The Ford Motor Company refused to consider a pay claim made by their 45,000 employees; shop stewards at **Dagenham** recommended a one-day strike in protest; but the workers refused to endorse the recommendation. According to the company's labour relations department, there had been sixty-nine stoppages of work in the thirty-two weeks since the last wage settlement in April. Strikes and other interferences with efficiency were costing Fords £3,000,000 a year. The B.M.C. tractor and transmissions factory in **Birmingham** was back in production last week after the settlement of a strike by fifty-five electricians which made 21,000 men idle in Birmingham, Coventry and Oxford for a fortnight. It was reported from Birmingham that workers at the factory were to hold meetings to elect new shop stewards as they were dissatisfied at the way the disputes were being handled.

After Wall Street in New York at the beginning of last week recorded its biggest slump in prices since the 1929 crash, the Stock Exchange in **London** saw prices react as dramatically on the following day in the sharpest setback for over a generation. The previous comparable fall was at the time of Munich in 1938. But by the end of the week, trading had more than recovered in both New York and London.

The Radcliffe report on security in the Civil Service was discussed at the conference of the Institution of Professional Civil Servants at **Folkestone** last weekend. The Institution decided to " welcome any investigation by the security service " and to compensate any official dismissed. The Government security measures were introduced just before the conference met. But even after the first list of " suspect " trade union or staff associations' officers arrives, it will take at least three months for any officer to be cleared or confirmed as not acceptable for negotiating in security departments.

Sir David Ormsby-Gore, the British Ambassador in Washington, shakes hands with Mr. J. Gandy, the President of the Seattle World's Fair. **Right:** The Duke of Edinburgh talks to a former U.S. ambassador to Britain, Mr. John Hay Whitney, at the Seattle World's Fair. The Duke was on a private visit to the Fair, having come to the U.S.A. from Canada where he was attending the Commonwealth Study Conference, due to end in Vancouver this week

RUSSIA

An unexpected announcement of drastic increases in the prices of meat and butter was made in **Moscow** at the end of last week. The price of a pound of butter or of ham went up by about 25 per cent. The increases were made necessary by agricultural failures. It was stated that the money gained from the higher prices would be used to improve productivity. Thus prices would eventually be brought down.

YUGOSLAVIA

It was learnt in **Belgrade** last week that the Russian Government has invited President Tito to go to Russia for a holiday. An official spokesman said " nothing concrete " had been agreed. However, it was widely assumed that should President Tito accept the invitation, he would almost certainly have a meeting with Mr. Khrushchev. A trip by the President to Russia should add considerably to the improvement in Russian-Yugoslav relations which has become apparent in recent months. In April Mr. Gromyko, the Russian Foreign Minister, made an official five-day visit to Yugoslavia, which was reported to have been highly satisfactory. President Brezhev of Russia is to visit Yugoslavia in September.

VENEZUELA

A revolt of a battalion of Venezuelan Marines, who seized the country's chief naval base at Puerto Caballo, 75 miles west of **Caracas,** was met by forces loyal to the Government of President Betancourt. Confused reports at the beginning of the week suggested that " bloody fighting " was continuing, with heavy losses on both sides. The cause of the revolt was said to be sympathy with an uprising of 450 marines at the port of Carupano a month ago, which surrendered unconditionally after two days. The Government has attributed these revolts to Communist instigators; recently President Betancourt issued a decree prohibiting the Communist Party in Venezuela.

TURKEY

There was a series of rapid political manœuvres in **Ankara** last week. Mr. Inonu resigned as Prime Minister in the Coalition Republican Party-Justice Party Government. This was followed by the fall of the coalition Government. Then Mr. Inonu accepted President Gursel's invitation to form a new Government, on the basis that urgent economic and social reforms took priority over the political amnesty. Observers in the Turkish capital believed that the manœuvres were designed to enable Mr. Inonu to jettison opponents in the Justice Party and to bring about a more stable majority for his Government.

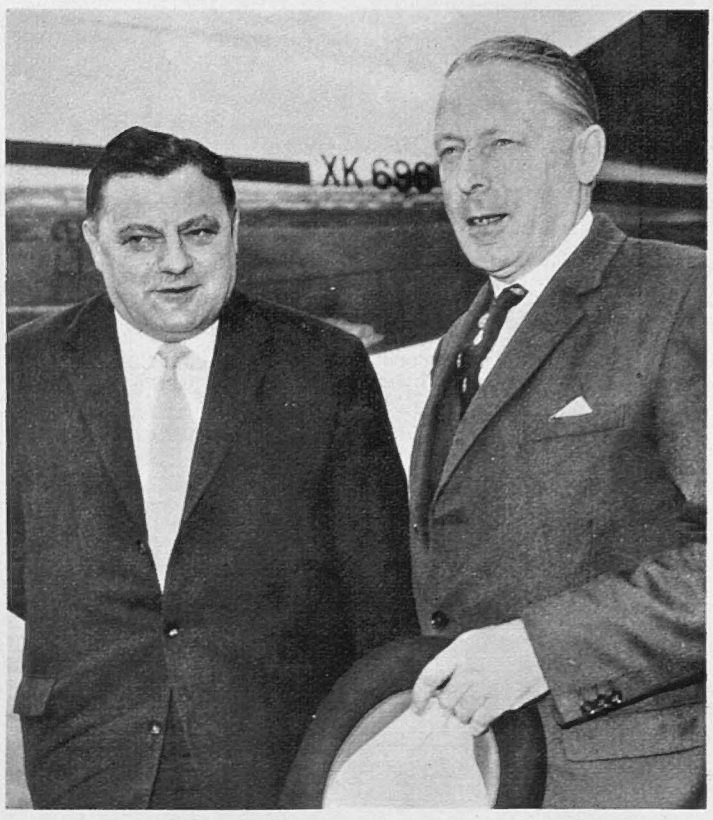
ISRAEL

Adolf Eichmann was hanged at **Tel Aviv** prison on Thursday, May 31, and his ashes scattered over the Mediterranean. His final appeal to Israel's President had failed.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE WINDSORS' SILVER WEDDING

Far left: Before sailing from New York for France in the liner *United States*, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor accept the good wishes of their friends. During the voyage the Duke and Duchess celebrated their silver wedding. They were married in France on June 3, 1937



A SPECTATOR FOR THE TROOPING

Mr. Watkinson (right), Britain's Defence Minister, and Herr Strauss, West German Defence Minister, arrive at London Airport. They had flown together from Cologne. Herr Strauss was Mr. Watkinson's guest at the Trooping the Colour ceremony next day (see also pages 380-381)

ONE OF THE WORST AIR DISASTERS ON RECORD

Search is being made of the charred and twisted remnants of a Boeing 707 airliner which had crashed and burst into flames on take-off from Orly airport, Paris. Of those on board 130 were killed and only two survived. It was the worst recorded disaster involving a single aircraft. The Air France airliner was on a charter flight to Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., taking members of the Atlanta Art Association home after a visit to Europe. Two years ago 136 people were killed when two aircraft collided in the U.S.A.

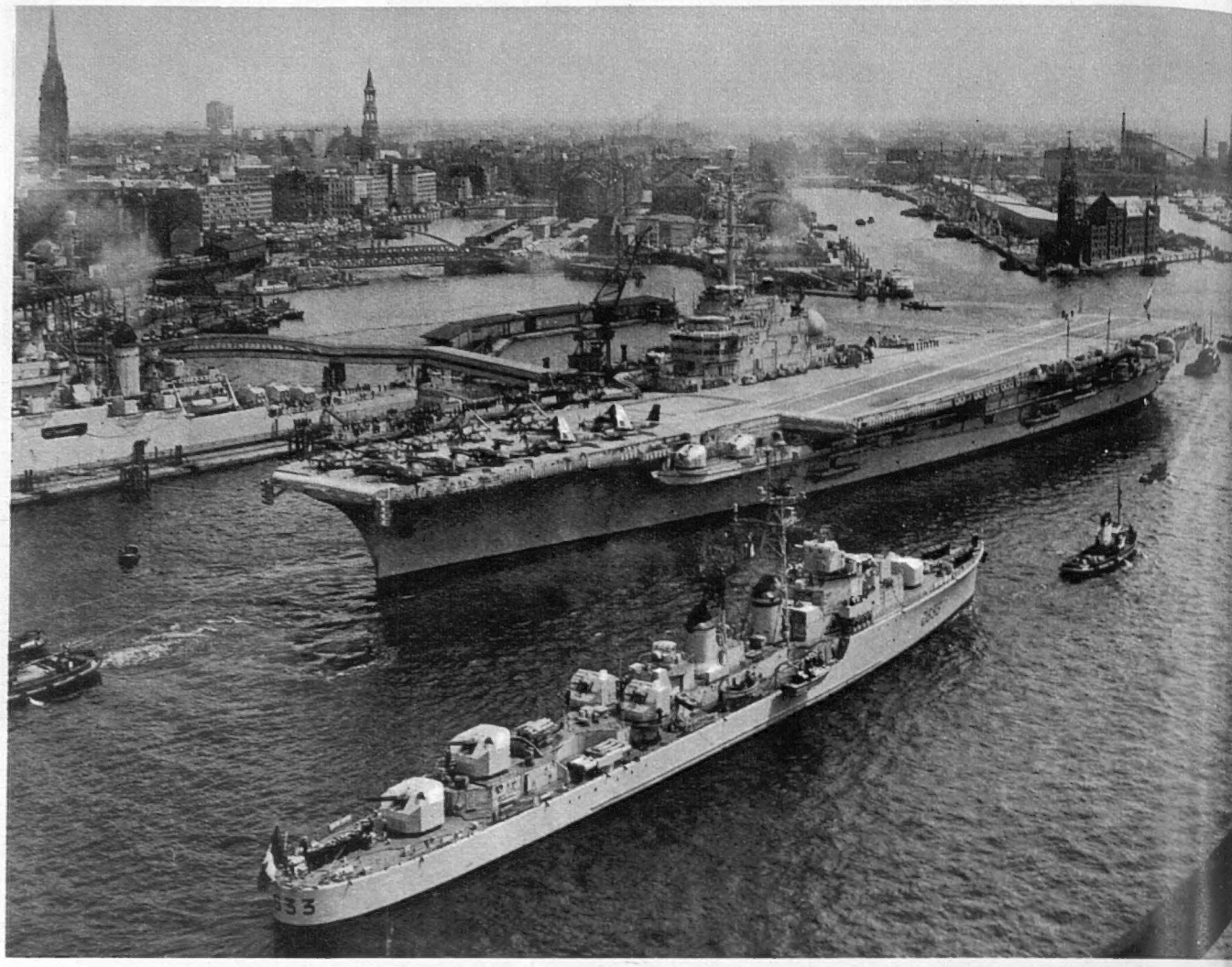
TRAIN CRASH IN ITALY

THE NIGHT SCOTSMAN IS DERAILED AT LINCOLN

Below, far left: Buckled coaches and wreckage at the scene of a crash at Voghera, near Milan, in Italy, in which a passenger train standing in Voghera station was struck from behind by a goods train travelling at about 40 m.p.h. Sixty-two people were killed and fifty injured in the crash. The last two coaches of the passenger train were completely wrecked; they were crowded with Ascension Day holidaymakers leaving Milan for the Riviera. After the crash, the driver of the goods train and his fireman were arrested. It was said they had not halted their train at a red signal

Coaches lie on their sides near Lincoln station after the derailment of the Night Scotsman from King's Cross to Edinburgh. Three people were killed and eighty others injured in the accident, which was thought to have occurred when a sleeping car jumped the points at a junction. The train had been re-routed at Peterborough because of track maintenance work on the main line between Peterborough and Grantham

The Western world's commitment to defence needs on the sea or in the air shows no signs of lessening, but its patterns alter from the pressures of scientific advance or new concepts. On the surface of the sea, the aircraft carrier reigns supreme. The *Clemenceau* (right) is, with her sister-ship *Foch*, the first aircraft carrier fully built in France. She displaces 30,000 tons fully loaded, and has sixty aircraft. The *Clemenceau* arrived in Hamburg last week to take part in joint exercises in the North Sea with units of the Federal German Navy. Other French ships involved included the radar picket destroyer, *Duperré* (foreground), and the anti-aircraft cruiser *Colbert* (docked extreme left). By far the largest of the defence forces of the Western world is, of course, that of the U.S. The photograph which was taken at Andrews Air Base, **below,** shows some of the wide variety of military aircraft in service. Prominent in the foreground are two early-warning radar aircraft and extreme right a Lockheed Hercules four turbo-prop military transport. But these aircraft represent only a fraction of American spending in the air, since defence policy has dictated that the largest proportion goes towards missiles



THE FRENCH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *CLEMENCEAU* IS TOWED INTO HAMBURG BEFORE EXERCISES IN THE NORTH SEA

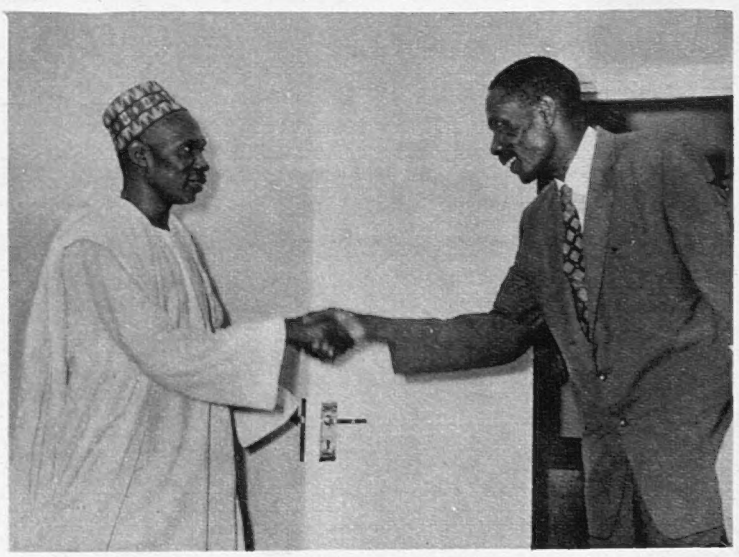
U.S. NAVAL AND AIRFORCE AIRCRAFT ON DISPLAY AT ANDREWS AIR BASE, MARYLAND, ON ARMED SERVICES DAY

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. KHRUSHCHEV ASKS FOR "ONLY A SMALL ONE"

Mr. Khrushchev is generally believed to be virtually an abstainer from alcohol nowadays. However, at the opening of the Italian Trade Fair in Moscow, last week, he was persuaded to take a glass of wine, although, as can be seen in the second picture, he indicated in a sign which must be international in its currency that he wanted "only a small one, please." Speaking at the Fair, the Russian Prime Minister accused people who opposed trading with Communists of "stupidity as high as the cosmos." He went on to extol Russian feats in space and praised the American astronaut, Lieut.-Commander Scott Carpenter, for his "very great courage." Recalling the American Trade Fair in Moscow in 1959, he described it as "propaganda and more propaganda." (It was at that Fair that Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Nixon, then U.S. Vice-President, had their much-publicised "kitchen debate" in a modern kitchen on show at one of the stands)

Below right: Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Federal Prime Minister of Nigeria, shakes hands with Mr. M. M. Hove, the new High Commissioner in Nigeria for the Central African Federation, after the latter had presented his credentials in Lagos. Mr. Hove is the first Rhodesian African to hold this post. A qualified teacher, he has been African M.P. for Matabeleland in the Rhodesian Federal Parliament since 1953



RHODESIA'S FIRST AFRICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IN NIGERIA

Far right: Dr. Capildeo, the Leader of the Opposition in Trinidad and Tobago, makes his speech at the opening ceremony of the Trinidad and Tobago Independence Conference at Marlborough House in London. On the left, wearing dark glasses, is Dr. Eric Williams, Trinidad's Premier, who said at the ceremony that the Independence Constitution must be "the framework for the proscription of racial fragmentation and for the realisation of national unity." Dr. Capildeo's speech complained that the Government had ignored the Opposition in preparing a draft Constitution

THE TRINIDAD INDEPENDENCE CONFERENCE

Men of the New Zealand contingent to Thailand leave their transport aircraft at Bangkok Airport. Britain, Australia and New Zealand sent token forces to Thailand to join U.S. forces there under the Seato agreement

NEW ZEALAND TROOPS IN THAILAND

Far right: Dutch marines are seen in a bivouac area near the village of Fak Fak, in the western part of West New Guinea. In the past weeks Indonesian paratroops have made a series of paratroop landings in the Fak Fak area, and intermittent fighting has taken place. Last week, U Thant sent appeals to Indonesia and the Netherlands for an immediate cease-fire, pending negotiations on the basis of proposals for a plebiscite made by Mr. Bunker, U.S. diplomatist

DUTCH MARINES IN WEST NEW GUINEA

The Queen smiles at the Lord Mayor of London outside St. Paul's Cathedral

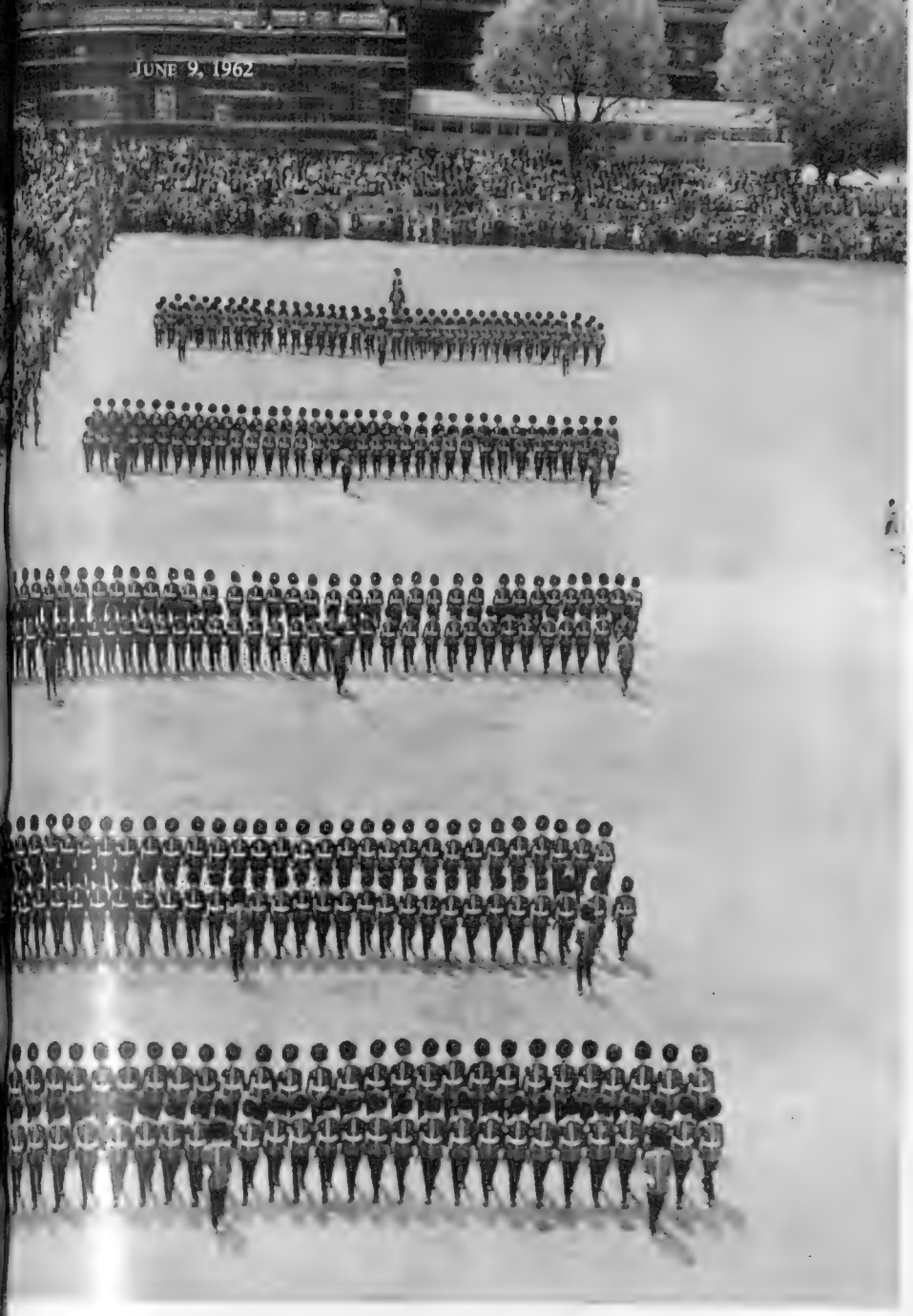
Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon are shown a model of technical college developments at the Royal College of Science and Technology in Glasgow by the College's Principal, Dr. Curran

TROOPING THE COLOUR

and other Royal events

There was mixed weather for the Queen's engagements last week—brilliant sunshine for the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on her official birthday, but heavy rain as she left St. Paul's Cathedral earlier in the week after attending the Service of Thanksgiving on the 300th anniversary of the 1662 Book of Common Prayer. Observers in Horse Guards Parade for Trooping the Colour agreed that it was one of the finest displays of this traditional and colourful parade. Queen Elizabeth was accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester and other colonels of the Regiments of Foot Guards and the Major-General Commanding the Household Brigade. Also present were the Queen Mother and Princess Anne. The Colour trooped was that of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards. This year the Queen's official birthday coincided with the ninth anniversary of her Coronation and salutes were fired in Hyde Park by the King's Troop, R.H.A., and at the Tower of London by the Honourable Artillery Company.

At Ballater, Aberdeenshire, in a strong wind, the Queen Mother inspects the 1st Battalion of The London Scottish (The Gordon Highlanders), of which she is Honorary Colonel



The march-past during Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade in London. **Right:** The Queen, with Prince Andrew, on the balcony of Buckingham Palace for the R.A.F. fly-past. **Below:** The Queen, mounted on Imperial, leads the parade up the Mall to Buckingham Palace at the end of the ceremony

JOHN CONNELL

SALAN AND AFTER

France's internal dissension grows rapidly more grievous. The Salan trial ended feebly and indecorously: the Court embarrassed and irresolute, the ex-General himself in tears, and his counsel chanting the *Marseillaise*. Its deplorable aftermath has added to the confusion, and deepened the sorrow. The latter is shared by every friend of France. The rumours hang in the air like a swarm of gnats over a summer pool in the dusk; the unanswered questions buzz like poisonous bluebottles. Self-pity and self-admiration are not absent from a list of France's failings; but now one is aware of a bitter, inward-twisting and corrosive self-criticism, very like the mood of the Vichy period.

Why has it all happened in this fashion? Are all the dirty little rumours and allegations—peddled as if they were feelthy postcards for the tourist—true, after all? Is the Fifth Republic, despite all the invocations of *la gloire* by the President, going the same way as its predecessor? What a sick joke that will be, to be sure. Were the members of the Supreme Military Court—three professional judges, a representative of the Legion of Honour, and of the Council of State, and four representatives of the Armed Services—who found extenuating circumstances in Salan's case where they found none in Jouhaud's—under some form of moral pressure?

The President showed his opinion of their behaviour, with angry candour, by dissolving the tribunal forthwith, an action which (it must be admitted) hardly added clarity to an already deeply perturbed and

Armand Belvisi (centre in camouflage battle-dress), alleged to have organised the plot to kill President de Gaulle last year, is taken away by police in Paris, after he had barricaded himself in his flat and engaged in an hour-long gun battle with them

perturbing prospect. The tribunal's history, despite the personal distinction of its members, has not been a happy one. In the trial of Challe it seemed to do well, but the more ferocious of de Gaulle's critics believed that it showed unnecessary leniency towards some of the subordinate participants. With Jouhaud it appeared to be stern and inflexible, and then violently contradicted itself when it came to the highly disagreeable challenge of dealing honourably and courageously with Salan himself. There can be no doubt that the President's action, however petulant it may have seemed, was right, for the Court was too discredited to be able to reassert its authority.

However, the practical consequences of its dissolution were far from simple. What was to be done about Jouhaud, still (at the time of writing) under sentence of death from which, technically, there is no appeal? Yet to shoot him and to let Salan live (even in the grey tomb of a prison) seems as illogical and as perverse as it was, in England, to hang Bentley and send Craig to prison. Jouhaud's lawyers were preparing last week to argue, in front of the criminal section of the Court of Cassation, that the self-contradiction of the Supreme Military Court was so flagrant that they overrode the provision in its character of creation that there was no appeal from its verdicts. Decision on this fundamental point was postponed for a week or more. But long before the Court of Cassation met *Le Monde* announced that General Partiot, the subdivisional commander at Versailles, who had the task of organising the firing squad to execute O.A.S. men sentenced to death, had been retired at his own request, because—having been at St. Cyr with Jouhaud—he would have to decline the responsibility in this instance.

Meanwhile the sad, unseemly turmoil continues. A man named André Canal, whose alias (shades of "Sapper" and Baroness Orczy!) was "The Black Monocle," and who had been one of the principal O.A.S. organisers in metropolitan France, was arrested at the beginning of last month, more than a fortnight after Salan. The police are said to have found on him a letter written by Salan from the Santé Prison on April 25, five days after his capture. There are three aspects to this murky revelation: first, it is disquieting evidence of the inefficiency of the security precautions, when a prisoner of Salan's stature can smuggle a letter out of one of France's principal prisons within a few days of his arrest; second, it has been argued that it shows that he was still exercising authority as the leader of the O.A.S., after his capture and after the closure of the case against him, and that it may therefore provide grounds for a new trial; third, it is alleged that this letter ordered Canal to pay certain sums to M. Bidault, the former Prime Minister, who is widely believed to be the present head of the O.A.S. resistance council.

The legal manœuvres have inevitably been accompanied by a great deal of Press comment. Early last week, when Paris was beginning to recover from the shock of the Salan verdict, the editor of *Le Monde*, M. Beuve Méry, who writes under the pen name of Sirius, made a second impassioned appeal to Salan to order the O.A.S. crimes to stop. (His first had been made a few hours before Salan's capture.) His article was aptly headed "Stop the Bloodshed." It argued that clemency to Jouhaud would be possible and seemly, if Salan would say what he was being begged to say. But M. Méry concluded sombrely: "But if all is in vain, if blindness and hatred should once more plunge this country into disaster—one last prayer: Bring neither God nor honour into these ignominies. At least spare us from sacrilege!"

These are the foreground. In the background have been other comings and goings, of a far more dubious character. Paris seethed last week with a story of the possibility of a bargain being struck. It was said that the President had decided to have Jouhaud executed during the previous weekend, and that his Ministers had persuaded him to postpone it, in the hope that the O.A.S. would regard Salan's sentence and a reduction of Jouhaud's sentence to one of life imprisonment as gestures of reconciliation. Then it was openly admitted that it had been decided to spare Jouhaud only if terrorism ceased. If this was true, the hopes were barren, the gestures wasted. The O.A.S. responded by more murders, and by an intensification of their scorched earth policy.

One of the by-products of this whole agonising business is that the news of these activities ceases to make us feel disgusted or ashamed. We have supped—and breakfasted—so constantly on horror that we are not sickened, merely bored. Daily the radio announces, as if it might be a cricket score, the number killed in Algeria in the previous twenty-four hours. I can hardly remember a day in recent weeks—cease-fire or no cease-fire—when the casualty list was under twenty.

Refinements of brutality impinge slightly and momentarily. There was the booby-trap car which blew up in the port of Algiers, killing the four people in it, and blinding a child standing nearby. What kind of expiation can there be for that child's suffering? There are the sudden descents by armed men on hospitals. There was the case of three Europeans, already badly wounded in one of the constant street attacks, who were finished off by gunmen as they lay helpless in an ambulance. For them it may have been a mercy; it is of the evil in the hearts of their murderers that I think. What has led men like Salan and Jouhaud not just to condone but to order cruelties of this kind?

What has gone wrong, not merely, as I have often been tempted to think, with the great liberal experiment of the nineteenth century, but with the very fabric of European civilisation? I have been pondering a great deal lately about the happenings of the summer of 1942—that astonishing crucial summer when von Paulus surrendered in Stalingrad, and Rommel was halted, then hammered to defeat in the First Battle of Alamein. In the first week of June exactly twenty years ago, a Free French garrison in the fort of Bir Hacheim, far out in the Western Desert, withstood Rommel's siege for ten days—ten days of great symbolical significance for France, in the course of which the nation recovered that sense of honour, which it feared had been lost.

For me and I think for many other people, soldiers or civilians, whose love for France is deep and enduring, Bir Hacheim was and has remained a landmark. But sometimes I feel nowadays that France, with the rest of Europe including this country, is a superficial kind of stage landscape, behind whose lights and canvas there yawns a vast black emptiness. The hero of one of the most deeply disturbing of contemporary French novels, *Portrait of an Officer*, by Pierre-Henri Simon, which I have quoted before and shall undoubtedly quote again, remarks: "Taken all in all, we're one of the most bellicose nations in the world. You can't say that war 's our industry, for it nearly always costs us more than we get out of it; but it 's our luxury and our passion. A luxury and a passion which, I fear, make less and less sense. We 're no longer in a position to fight except for our honour, which is melancholy enough, or, sadder still, indulge in sterile struggles whose uncertain objectives don't justify such cruel upheavals." That is a true if sad statement of France's case. Is ours much better?

Passengers with their baggage crowd the deck of the *Ville de Marseille* as they prepare to disembark in Marseilles. The vessel had brought over 1,500 refugees from Algeria. One hundred and five of them were children less than three months old. Up to the middle of last week some 50,000 people had returned to France from Algeria since the cease-fire agreement was reached in March. It was anticipated that another 100,000 would leave before July 1, the day of the self-determination plebiscite for the Algerians. The exodus was being made by air as well as by sea, and in Paris the French Government called on the nation to aid the refugees. After the Salan trial, metropolitan France was suffering equally with Algeria from Right-wing terrorist violence. However, it was reported that muslims who had taken refuge in Tunisia during the civil war were beginning to return to Algeria

REFUGEES FLEE FROM ALGIERS

During the service held by the U.S. Fleet Reserve Association, London Branch, on board H.M.S. *President*, moored off the Thames Embankment in London, to commemorate Memorial Day. Originally held to commemorate the dead of the American Civil War, Memorial Day now marks the remembrance of all those Americans who have died in wartime from that time onwards

The fourth Instruments, Electronics and Automation Exhibition at Olympia, in Lon

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

THREE MILLION DAYS. Three million days were lost by strikes in 1961, quite a large number out of a year of 365 days, as " little Tommy " would say. But the definition of a working day is as muddling as the definition of a strike. Mr. Hare was unable to answer a questioner's demand for a definition and classification of strikes. He thought that perhaps 860,000 days were lost through strikes *definitely* official. But many strikes start as unofficial and become official, others only acquire official status when they are over, and some are locally official from the start but repudiated as official at union headquarters. All of which suggests that authority, discipline and clear-thinking may be sadly to seek at all levels. It is no easier (and undesirable) to allocate the blame for strikes. It might be bad management, it might be irresponsible behaviour on the part of certain T.U. members. But Mr. Hare would deplore a probe. No one, he felt, would wish to make political issues out of allocating blame. Certainly not Mr. Macmillan. What his Government wants is a mere " acknowledgement by both sides of industry to try to eliminate them." It seems to some of us that there are more than two sides, who must be invited to acknowledge the necessity of trying to eliminate them; acknowledgement of an evil is not a promise even to try to eliminate it, and trying does not guarantee performance. Exploring avenues takes time and time is seldom on anyone's side. There are better ways of securing shorter hours than throwing normal hours down the drain. But a " free society " is not always fit for freedom.

KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS. A correspondent in *The Times* deplored the evidences daily seen of hatred of automation from fear of redundancy. Surely, he argued, the aim of every country is to eliminate the tedious and unimaginative work, so that everybody can enjoy the benefits of life without the toil. This sounds all right, if you accept it that life holds any benefits without toil. I have heard it argued that full automation will secure interesting and full work for everyone displaced by automation, but that is an argument which only the future can prove. There is nothing new in hatred of automation. " Captain Swing " and his gang put up a bonny resistance to farm mechanisation after the industrial revolution, from fear of redundancy. Fear of redundancy remains, but perhaps another reason for it lies in doubt whether today and tomorrow " everyone can enjoy the benefits of life without the toil." There is a good deal of toil and no certainty of pleasure in indulging in the simplest and least expensive pleasures today, by the sea, in the open spaces and beauty spots, " away from it all." If you know of a glade in the forest, a hidden niche on the moors, an undiscovered seaside cove, guaranteed against noise, litter and crowds, keep it to yourself. I am inclined to think that ten years hence the only benefit of " life without the toil " which the worker can be sure of, will be reading good books in his sitting-room. " E'en at the worst to the worst, books and a chamber remain." To enjoy reading good books needs education, and the next decade may not ensure that necessary general education. But no nation can stand still. Automation must come and we must wait and see whether the pleasures of life without toil are less grievous and boring than tedious and unimaginative work.

FLIRTING WITH COMMUNISM. Lord Russell, the " nonagenarian philosopher," has been a sponsor of the World Congress for General Disarmament and Peace for decades. Its title suggests objectives approved by all sane men on the world's face from archbishops downwards. But I have not seen its latest progress report. Of course, " it won't do " for a good Socialist to " flirt with (red) Amaryllis in the shade " of ninety years, but I was impressed by Lord Russell's argument that it would be difficult to thrash out a programme of East-West disarmament without Communists taking part in it. Surely that would be to play *Hamlet* without the Prince or *Romeo and Juliet* without one of the young lovers. I don't know how the Congress goes to work, but there will be a session in Moscow in July and foreign delegates will get cut-price travel to and from Moscow. These concessions from Russia may, of course, be birdlime to catch some migrant birds, for " *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* " is usually quoted when " generous " offers fly through the Iron Curtain, and no doubt the World Congress lets off a lot of hot air and makes little progress. But Lord Russell, in his last lap to a century, is still " ever a fighter " and prepared for one fight more. He intends to remain a sponsor; perhaps he means to attend in July? If the Labour Party expel him, I cannot think it will do him much harm or the Socialists much good. Perhaps he will return to his hereditary allegiance and join the Liberals. Mr. Grimond would certainly put his name down for a Cabinet post when the Greek Kalends come round. Lord Chorley and Lady Wootton are also patrons of the Congress. Their cases are different. They are younger in age. Lord Chorley is a mere sixty-seven. At the time of writing, they had not appeared to have disclosed their positions.

AREN'T WE ALL . . .? The de-stoolisations of heads of state among countries still in the first stages of experimentalisation in constitutional government is unfortunately to be

pened last week, the show had exhibits from 550 companies

Women delegates at the 41st annual general meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institutes sit on the grass at the foot of the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens for a picnic lunch. **Right:** Two delegates at the meeting, held last week in the Royal Albert Hall. Right is Mrs. Rugomayo of Uganda, in Britain as the first scholar under a scholarship scheme set up by the International Association of which the National Federation is part

expected for many years to come and we must *definitely* face up to it. The concretisation of the ideal of constitutional parliamentary government (" when none is for a party and all are for the State ") is inevitably a slow process, and its finalisation carries no certain or general acceptance even among the oldest-established polities in civilisation. It is right that we should accept this unpleasant truth, and I have tried to express it in simple modern English, which the least well educated among us can understand. Put less lucidly, we in Britain have no right to feel shocked or superior if there should break out an occasional party-political dog-fight in the young African or any other states.

TRUE, PERHAPS, BUT TRITE. I offer my loyal good wishes and highest hopes to the charming Duchess of Kent, whose first baby, it is announced, will be born at Coppins. I hope the child will be a boy, if the parents want one; or a girl, if they prefer it that way. Of whatever sex, it is likely to be a delightful baby, and tenth in the succession to the Throne. That fact has already been hammered in by radio and Press so often that most of us need no further reminder and some of us pray silence. For it suggests that we live in a world where " nothing ever happens," and where the trite and the trivial must fill the columns and make up time as " news." And, after all, according to Marquis Ruvigny's scholarly tome, *The Blood Royal of Britain*, thousands of us are in the succession (via John o' Gaunt), and in the event of a holocaust have a fair chance of succeeding to the Throne; and I see no particular significance in the number 10. In Downing Street, at any rate, it doesn't suggest the march of important events. But we don't want a holocaust.

WEATHER CATALOGUE OF CALAMITY. " Cast not a clout ere May is out," and if you have a pessimistic temperament, don't record the weather in a one-year diary. I checked the record of the first five months of 1962. January: Prolonged gales and 6½ ins. of rain. February: Dry. Continual icy north-east winds. March: The same continued. One springlike day. April: The same continued. Nastiest April ever; central heating turned off on the 14th and bitterly regretted. But Easter Day was fine and reached 59 degs. May: Unprintable, and, any way, fresh in everyone's memory. What records of beastliness will the statisticians produce for the first-half of 1962? We are quite used to shivering in May. Excerpts from letters and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth amply confirm it. But I very much doubt if, were statistics available, there would be found any competitor in beastliness to stand beside the spring of 1962, affording from ninety days, precisely two when an optimist could " feel the sun " and hail the hopes of summer. I sympathise most with the cricketers, on village greens and county grounds. If anything could kill enthusiasm for the summer game among the declining band of the faithful, May 1962 would have done it.

RARA AVIS. One day last week, while shaving, there was a dust-up in my hen-run and I observed that my " distressing bi-peds " were all cackling and cowering under a bush while low overhead circled a white bird I had never seen before, with an owlish flight, tufts behind its neck and heron-like wings. We have plenty of gulls and sea-birds over our garden and none of them disturbs our hens. I had never seen any bird like it. Two days later, two acknowledged naturalists telephoned me that a little egret (*Egretta garzetta*) had appeared on a section of the Hampshire river where I sometimes fish and shoot. There are only about half-a-dozen reliable reports of its appearance in Britain. We hurried to the spot and a close-up view of the egret enabled the experts to identify with absolute certainty every feature of this rare bird—so tame as to suggest one escaped from an aviary—long plumes behind its neck, black bill and legs and yellow claws. When at last induced to fly, its motions exactly reproduced those of my hen-run visitor. How I wish that I were a naturalist, possessed a suitable camera or a reliable witness when I, very rarely, observe a rare bird. It was on the same stretch of the river that in May 1961 I saw, at 20 yards range, a bird that could only have been a golden oriole—another rarity in Southern England. But I had no expert confirmation on that occasion.

THE OLD STAGER

Revolutionaries attack a supporter of the ex-President as the revolt breaks out

Fleeing from the revolution, Claire Jordan (Leslie Caron) eats cactus fruit

Before being overthrown President Rivera (David Opatoshu) talks to Hernandez (Derek Godfrey). **Below:** Claire is attacked by starving children in an Indian village

ENTERTAINMENT

ACT OF MERCY

John Mortimer's first complete screen-play, based on the novel, *Act of Mercy*, by Francis Clifford, is a study of conscience of the protagonists caught up together in escaping from a revolution. Set in a completely fictitious South American state, the film is mainly concerned with the development of the three characters—Tom, Claire and ex-President Rivera—during the violence, dangers and hardships of their attempt to cross the border to safety. An idealist, opposed to violence, Tom has lost many jobs through his outspokenness and is on the point of losing his wife when his decision, an act of mercy towards Rivera, brings him face to face with the necessity of violence in self-defence.

Act of Mercy was shot on locations near Malaga, in Spain, and in the neighbouring Sierra Mountains, and completed in the A.B.C. studios at Elstree. It is directed, in black and white and wide-screen, by Anthony Asquith and will be released this summer by Warner-Pathé. The film gives both David Niven and Leslie Caron a chance to display their acting talents.

Claire and her husband, Tom (David Niven), struggle through the mud after their station waggon has become bogged-down in a quicksand

In the quicksand, Tom struggles to rescue Rivera

Hernandez, the revolutionary, talks to Bryant (James Robertson Justice) and Mrs. Bastian (Eleanor Summerfield). **Right:** Tom just stops Claire from slipping over a precipice

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

AUSTRALIA

Common Market problems and agreement on migration

Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, is seen during his Press conference in London

Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, left Canberra last week for Britain for a fortnight's visit. On arrival at London Airport, he said that he could not believe, if Great Britain joined the European Common Market, that her relations with the Commonwealth would be as flexible or as independent as they had been in the past. He stressed that he was not advising for or against entry, merely stating the fact that the Commonwealth would not be the same as it was before. He believed that although it would be a change for the worse in the Commonwealth, a united Europe would be better for world security.

Asked about his reaction to the agreement in Brussels on the phased abolition of the preference on manufactured goods from Australia, New Zealand and Canada, Mr. Menzies said that though he had only read of it in the papers himself, he imagined an agreement of this kind could hardly be treated as final. It would have to be considered by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers at their meeting in September. He emphasised that Commonwealth trade was two-way, and that Australia was " an enormous customer of Britain." Australia was looking for "arrangements of a permanent and protective quality, giving us preservation of our trade patterns which would also allow growth." Looking forward again to September he said that one of his articles of faith was that the Commonwealth should not become like a Committee of the United Nations with powers of voting on resolutions. The Commonwealth had never aimed at unanimity. The communiqués issued at conferences were on the few topics on which all agreed, which was why they were such a collection of platitudes.

Mr. Menzies was to have talks with Mr. Macmillan and other British Ministers before going on to Washington on June 13.

Another Australian political leader on tour outside the country is Mr. Henry E. Bolte, Premier of Victoria. He arrived in Britain at the end of last month for a three-week stay, having visited Hong Kong, South-East Asia and Cairo on the way. The main purpose of his journey is to study the probable effects on Victoria if Britain joins the Common Market. In London he said he was " very apprehensive " about British participation in the Common Market. He feared Victoria's trade in canned fruits and dairy products with Britain might be hit. He hoped Britain would not be rushed into the Market. But he recognised the need for Britain to remain economically sound. " We in Australia," he said, " think Britain should join the Common Market but in joining substantial concessions should be available."

A new migration agreement between Britain and Australia came into operation last week. It was signed in London by Mr. Duncan Sandys, British Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, and Mr. A. R. Downer, Australian Minister of Immigration.

The new agreement continues until March 31, 1967, arrangements between the British and Australian Governments under which emigrants over the age of nineteen may travel to Australia at a cost of only £10 and youngsters under nineteen travel free. The British Government will continue to contribute £150,000 a year towards the cost of emigrants' travel to Australia. The Australian Government will pay the remaining costs including the balance of the passage money for each emigrant and the costs of travel to ports of embarkation and from ports of disembarkation in Australia.

The agreement also provides for the Australian Government to arrange for the reception, placement and after-care of emigrants.

The first assisted passages agreement between Britain and Australia came into operation in March, 1947. Since then, 424,662 people from Britain have gone to Australia under free and assisted passages.

At a Press conference in London Mr. Downer declared immigration would be one of Australia's big undertakings in the years to come and he could foresee an Australian population of 30,000,000 at the end of the century. The present rate of immigration was 125,000 a year, with non-British immigrants slightly in excess of British. Since 1946 22,000 immigrants had come from the United States.

From London Mr. Downer was to tour the Continent and then return to Britain to make an investigation of conditions to attract immigrants to Australia.

Mr. A. R. Downer and Mr. Duncan Sandys

Mr. Mahommedali Currim Chagla, the new Indian High Commissioner in London, climbs into his ceremonial landau at India House before going to Buckingham Palace to present his Letter of Commission to the Queen. Mr. Chagla is the first non-Hindu High Commissioner of India in London. He is an Oxford-educated Muslim with a distinguished career at the Bombay Bar, ending as Chief Justice of the High Court in Bombay. From 1959-61 he was Indian Ambassador to the United States

WEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

SIERRA LEONE

The first General Election since Independence

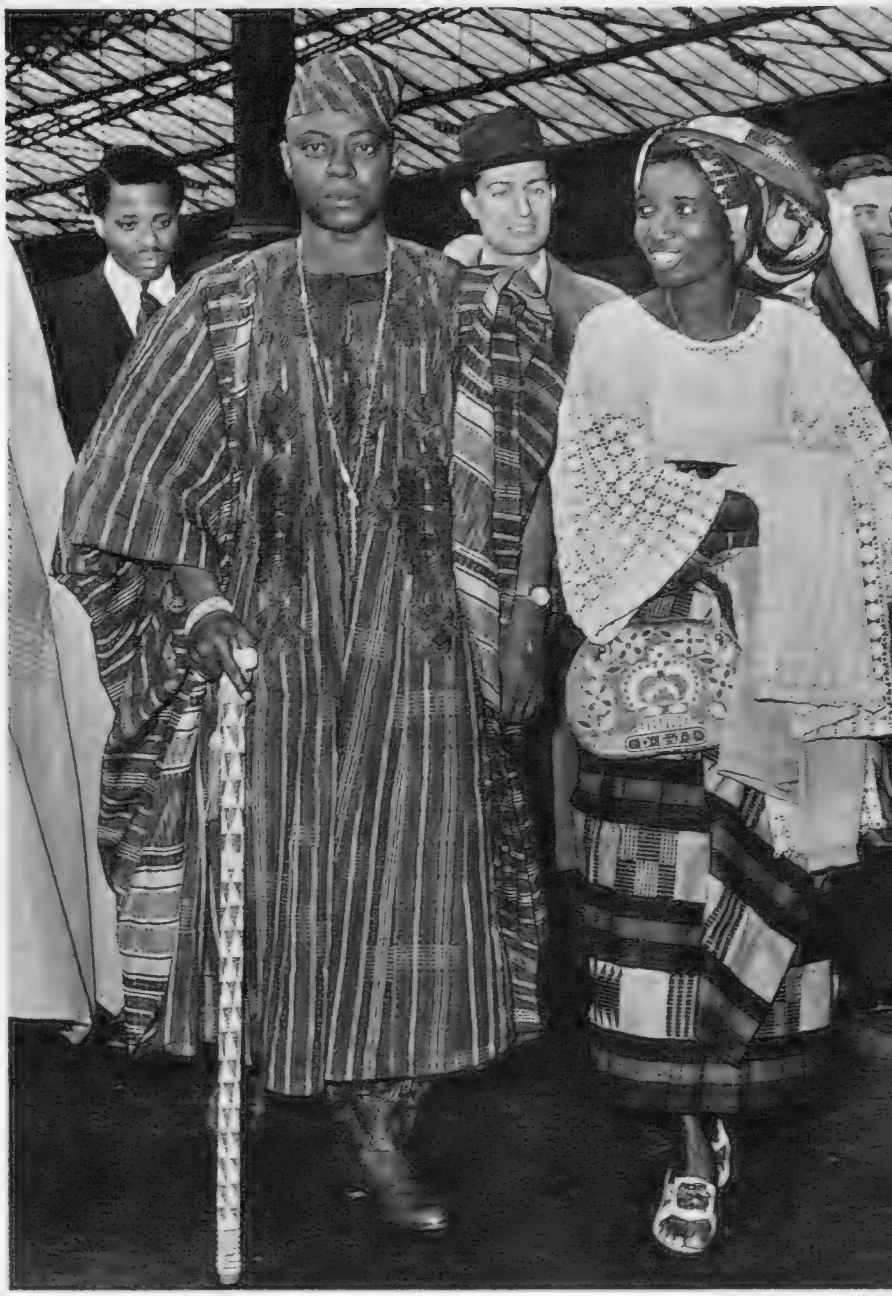
Sir Milton Margai, the first Prime Minister of independent Sierra Leone, has been reappointed Prime Minister and asked to form the new Government by the Acting Governor-General, Mr. H. J. Lightfoot-Boston. According to the Sierra Leone Constitution, whenever a Governor-General has occasion to appoint a Prime Minister, he shall appoint a Member of the House of Representatives who appears to him likely to command support of the majority in the one-House Legislature.

In the General Election towards the end of May, the Sierra Leone People's Party, of which Sir Milton is leader, won twenty-eight seats of a total number of elected seats of sixty-two. The All People's Congress of Mr. Siaka Stevens, in alliance with the Sierra Leone Progressive Independence Movement, captured twenty seats and Independents fourteen seats. Twelve of the Independents have now declared that they are members of S.L.P.P. Over 18,000 tribal authorities voted for the twelve Paramount Chiefs who bring the number in the House to seventy-four. Six former Ministers from the S.L.P.P. lost their seats, including the Leader of the House and the Minister of Education.

The last General Election was in 1957. This was also won by the S.L.P.P., who obtained twenty-six of the thirty-nine seats open for election, and gained the support of the twelve Paramount Chiefs. As well as extending the number of seats after independence in April 1961, the Government extended the franchise to universal adult suffrage. Thus a total of 611,291 votes were polled, as against 161,710 in 1957.

At the polling station in Makeni, Sierra Leone, a tribal authority makes his mark in the presence of officials before voting in the election for the local Paramount Chief

A new naval vessel for the Ghanaian Navy—the seaward defence boat *Komenda*, built by Yarrow and Co. Ltd., of Scotstoun, Glasgow, is waterborne after being launched



The Deji of Akure, Kabiyesi Oba Adesida II, and his wife arrive at Euston Station, in London, at the start of a month's visit to Britain as the guests of the Government. The thirty-eight-year-old Deji, who rules a territory of 3,000 square miles in Western Nigeria, succeeded to the throne in 1957. He is a barrister of the Middle Temple and was educated at King's College, Lagos, and Trinity College, Dublin. During their stay he and his wife are to visit Birmingham, Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh

WEST INDIES

The end of one federation and plans for another

A conference to decide the future of the West Indies Federation after the withdrawal of Jamaica and Trinidad and Tobago was held in London last month. This was the first conference to be held at the new Commonwealth Conference Centre at Marlborough House.

The remaining eight units of Barbados, Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Montserrat, Antigua, Dominica and St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla (known as "The Little Eight") are to form a new Federation, to be known as the West Indies Federation, with a capital in Barbados. The former Federation was wound up at midnight on May 31, and an interim advisory regional Council of Ministers was set up. Sir Stephen Luke took over as Interim Commissioner for the West Indies on that date.

A White Paper was due to be published giving full details of a proposed constitutional framework for the new Federation, to be referred to unit legislatures for approval, after an interval for full public discussion in the territories. Fiscal and Civil Service commissions are to be appointed to work out plans for a unified Civil Service and economic machinery; and the form for the new Federation will be decided finally at a further conference. Mr. Hugh Fraser, the British Colonial Under-Secretary, predicted that if all went well the Federation would be set up early next year.

Although the unit territories will each maintain a government, considerable pruning of numbers is envisaged. The strength of the Federal Government as opposed to the unit territories could only be experienced in practice. One reason for the failure of the previous Federation was the tendency of leading figures to stay in their own legislatures rather than go to the Federal Legislature. Moreover, the problem of finance, which limited the efficacy of the previous Federation, remains to be worked out. Of the "eight" only Barbados and St. Kitts balance their budgets.

OVERCROWDED COLONY

Washing lines the balconies of crowded and antiquated tenements in a side street

Many refugees arrive in Hong Kong by j

Rows of multi-storey blocks in a resettlem

sampan; many more live in these frail craft in the colony's harbours. This photograph was taken in the harbour of Aberdeen

ea in Kowloon on the mainland part of Hong Kong

A boatman manœuvres his craft in Aberdeen Harbour

From the last week of April, about 70,000 people attempted to cross the border of Communist China into Hong Kong in four weeks; the majority of these were turned back because the colony was already inundated with refugees. Towards the end of May the flood slowed down to a trickle as suddenly as it had begun.

Since 1945 more than a million refugees have made their way legally or illegally into Hong Kong. Of these only 15,000 have been resettled on Formosa, and even fewer in other lands. Aided by a booming birthrate, the colony's population has risen from 1,500,000 in 1941 to 3,133,000 in the 1961 census; the population is currently estimated at around 3,250,000. By March 1962, more than 350,000 refugees had been resettled in eleven multi-storey estates and three cottage resettlement areas. The Government plans to resettle another half-million in the next five years. Multi-storey blocks being erected to house 2,200 people each are being completed at a rate of one every ten days. Despite this massive effort there are still around half a million people living in shacks, slums and junk and sampan colonies.

Recently the Formosa Government said they would accept any refugees who wished to come. This would probably only help a few. The U.S.A. has for some years provided surplus food for Hong Kong refugees, and President Kennedy arranged to admit 6,000 under emergency "parole" status. The normal immigration quota into the U.S. is 100 a year. Mr. Kennedy pointed out that this was only nibbling at the basic problem of China, "a tremendous country—650,000,000 people—where the food supply is inadequate."

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NESTING-BOXES AND WRYNECKS

Last January we put up six new nesting-boxes: three of the ordinary closed-in type with a small entrance-hole, which are suitable for tits and some other hole-nesting birds, and three of the open-fronted type, for robins and anything else which might take a fancy for them. In these six acres or so of woodland and garden, facing south and running steeply downhill to the kitchen garden, an old orchard and small stream, there are endless nesting-sites available, and we do get a large variety of nesting birds, including five sorts of tits and all three woodpeckers.

I do not really know why we bothered to put up these prefabricated buildings, except, I suppose, that I hoped that we might attract something new, something unusual. For example, there was a pair of tree sparrows, or, at least, I presume they were a pair, about the garden and orchard all the winter. I had read somewhere that they could be enticed by nesting-boxes. And then, there is the wryneck, which also nests in holes and is said to be attracted by nesting-boxes. I always was an optimist.

We took a great deal of trouble over these nesting-boxes, placing them at varying heights and siting them so that the entrance-holes were protected from the prevailing wind and did not catch the direct rays of the sun. And when we had finished, we were unreasonably pleased with ourselves. We considered that we had made a very good, and artistic, job of it. So did the birds. Within the week one of the open-fronted boxes was taken over as a roosting-place by wrens. I think that four or five must have used it almost every night. Droppings around the bases of the trees on which we had placed the other boxes suggested that they, too, were in use during the cold weather, though I cannot say that I actually saw them occupied. It was all most encouraging. We thought that, come the spring, all would be taken over for nesting.

What happened? Two of the closed-in boxes were taken over by blue tits and one of the open-fronted ones (not the one that the wrens had used during the winter) by a robin. The others have been wholly ignored. The great tits, the coal tits, the marsh tits, the nut-hatches, have turned up their beaks at them. I have no idea why. We shall leave them up, of course, and hope for better luck next year. But it would be nice to know why one site should be occupied and another, apparently equally suitable in every way, ignored.

As for the tree sparrows, so far from being enticed by our nesting-boxes, they have disappeared altogether. But the wryneck arrived at the end of the third week in April. The wryneck is sometimes called "the cuckoo's mate," because it is supposed to arrive at about the same time as the cuckoo. This year I first heard the cuckoo on April 14 and first saw him on the 15th; roughly a week earlier than usual for this neighbourhood. So the wryneck was late. But then, the wryneck is a most unpredictable bird. According to old country folk around here, the wryneck was once common and very punctual in its time of arrival. It became less common in the late 'twenties and by the time I came to live in this area was definitely scarce. Now it seems to come some years and not others. I did not, for example, hear one last year, though in 1960 there were several pairs in the neighbourhood. On the whole it is, I think, more frequent than it was, say, ten years ago.

The wryneck, a member of the woodpecker family, photographed by Eric Hosking

The wryneck is a bird which is much more often heard than seen. The local name hereabouts is "peel bird"; a name obviously derived from its call, a long, rather querulous *pee-pee-pee-pee-pee*. The fact that it has acquired such a name is evidence that it was once listened for, in the same way as the cuckoo is, and regarded with affection as a portent of warm weather to come, for working country folk are not, as a whole, very good on bird songs nor particularly interested in distinguishing between them.

It is a member of the woodpecker family, a slim, greyish-brown bird, which creeps up trees like a tree-creeper. The upper plumage is mottled and this provides the most effective camouflage when the bird is on a tree-trunk. It is also adept, like the grey squirrel, in always being on the other side of the trunk. If you do get a sight of it, you can, of course, distinguish it from the tree-creeper at once because it has a straight beak. But how rarely do you manage to get a good look at a wryneck!

Being an optimist, I had placed one of the new nesting-boxes in the orchard, because the books told me that the wryneck frequently nested in orchards. Most of our trees are old and there are plenty of holes in them, but, since the books also said that wrynecks like nesting-boxes, I was not without hope. When this bird arrived, an old countryman, who has lived in this little valley for all his seventy years and remembers the wryneck as a common bird, assured me that you could attract wrynecks to nesting-boxes by sprinkling a handful of touchwood on the floor of the box. He added that his wife, "who was proper smit on they birds," used to do it.

When asked what touchwood had to do with it, he gave me a look of profound contempt and explained, as he might have done to a small boy, that peel birds nested only in old and rotten trees, and that they would have nothing to do with a clean, smart box like the one I had provided for them. There seemed to me to be a good deal of sound common sense in this. There may well be touchwood at the bottom of many a natural hole in a tree. Thus I followed his advice, but the wrynecks would have none of it.

They have nested all right. I have no doubt about that. I have heard them peeling many a time. I have seen them, both in flight and on trees. The flight is not so undulating as that of other members of the woodpecker family, and is rather slow and clumsy. I have not yet, by the way, seen one clinging to the trunk in woodpecker fashion; only running up the trunk in tree-creeper fashion and then disappearing among the branches or perching on them.

I have not found their nest. There can be no doubt about a nest, their behaviour has made that evident, but where it can be I have no idea. I have watched and watched, and time after time have thought that now I had seen clearly enough where it must be, and searched and searched, but these birds have been much too clever for me. Indeed, I would like to think, to save my *amour propre*, that they are not nesting on our ground at all. But that, I fear, is wishful thinking.

Perhaps, next year, my beautiful nesting-box will be old enough and smelly enough for them. But I fear that that, too, is wishful thinking. Next year they probably won't turn up at all.

The Dean Close eleven go out to field in their home game against Wycliffe at Cheltenham

Wycliffe take the field after Dean Close won the toss

D. L. Wedel (Wycliffe) drives during his innings of 110 not out

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

DEAN CLOSE

v.

WYCLIFFE

On their home ground, Dean Close won the toss and elected to bat in somewhat cold and bleak conditions in their match against Wycliffe. The wicket proved to be of assistance to the bowlers and Dean Close lost a wicket in the first over to a ball that lifted off the pitch. This brought M. R. Jones, the Wycliffe captain, to the wicket. His innings proved the backbone of his side's batting, but he found it difficult to find partners to stay with him. It was not until M. W. Bawden came in at number 7 that a stand took place, the two of them putting on 62. Then Jones was out, a little unluckily, the ball being deflected from his pads on to the wicket. Bawden continued to bat confidently, and helped with some good hitting by the tail-enders, Dean Close were able to declare at tea, with their score at 176 for 9. Bawden was not out, with 51 to his credit. C. Rotherham took seven for 64.

Wycliffe started in a confident vein, and their opening pair quickly put on 31 before being separated. D. L. Wedel, the remaining opening batsman, then dominated the rest of the innings, carrying his bat for 110 not out. At the close, Wycliffe had reached 163 for five, fifteen runs short of winning. It was an entertaining game, made all the more so by the Dean Close captain persevering with his spinners and encouraging Wycliffe to go for the runs.

R. D. Reed (Dean Close) goes for a big hit off the bowling of N. J. Griffiths

P. W. Smallwood (Dean Close) is stumped by M. T. H. Wilson for 2

M. R. Jones (the Dean Close captain) is missed in the slips during his innings of 79

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Up to the time of writing there has been very little enjoyable sailing weather. Nevertheless, partly because Whitsun falls rather late this year, this weekend should see most keen yachtsmen and women afloat. Major and minor events are taking place everywhere, and in every branch of sailing this is the time when the season really gets into full swing.

Offshore the great event is the Royal Ocean Racing Club's North Sea Race which starts at Harwich on June 8 and finishes off the Hook of Holland. The bad weather which affected the previous R.O.R.C. event a fortnight ago, the Southsea to Harwich Race in which *Pym* was dismasted, is not likely to deter anybody. As in the past, the Harwich-Hook race is once more going to be one of the most popular races of the season. The distance is about 220 miles.

Farther south, Cherbourg, the nearest French port for the Solent yachts, will again see the largest collection of British yachts in its pleasant harbour. Apart from the many who choose this as the objective for their first cruise of the season, several races started by Solent clubs finish at Cherbourg.

Most popular of these is the Island Sailing Club's Cowes-Cherbourg Race. The Parkstone Y. Club's Poole-Cherbourg Race and the Junior Off-shore Group's Southsea-Cherbourg Race is also likely to attract good fleets. Halfway between these two foreign ports, Calais is the objective of the Royal Cinque Ports Y.C. Dover-Calais Race, and also of the Little Ship Club's customary Whitsun Rally.

The last-named is not a race, but the competitive element is provided by a number of trophies. The major one of these is the Mercer Challenge Trophy, which is awarded to the yacht having sailed the longest distance in proportion to her waterline length. Three other trophies are offered this year by the hospitable burghers of Calais. Farther afield, the Royal Lymington Y.C. are holding a race to St. Peter Port, Guernsey, from Lymington.

In the Solent, the principal Regatta is given by the Royal Thames Yacht Club for the usual Solent classes. Important dinghy classes are catered for at the Whitsun Regatta given by the Whitstable Yacht Club, including National Merlin-Rockets, National Enterprises, National 12-footers, Fireflies and the Flying Dutchman class. The principal dinghy classes in the North will make their way to Wintersett Reservoir, where the West Riding Sailing Club are holding a three-day meeting for them.

Individual class meetings are scattered far and wide. The Flying Fifteen Championship is being sailed on Strangford Lough, the G.P. 14's South of England Championship takes place at Plymouth. There are meetings for International 14-footers at Exmouth, for Hornets at Hayling Island, International 505's at Burnham-on-Crouch and Finns at Itchenor.

So far the R.Y.A. Olympic Committee have scored two successes in their policy of giving grants to certain helmsmen who take part in international races abroad. Stuart Jardine came third in the Flying Dutchman World Championships sailed in Florida, and Jack Knights was the winner of the Easter Egg meeting for the Finn Class at Loosdrecht, in the Netherlands. Their next choice is Richard Creagh-Osborne, who has been entered for the I.Y.R.U. European Championships for centre-board boats with a crew of one, to be held at Kiel from the 12th-16th of this month. Helmsmen from twelve countries are due to take part in this event.

The new *Coweslip*, the Duke of Edinburgh's racing yacht, out for her first sail on the Hamble River. Her new hull was built by Woodnutt of Warsash, Hampshire. Parts of the rigging, the sails and mast are from the original *Coweslip*

Members of the Thorpe Bay Yacht Club at Southend, in Essex, prepare for a club race

Major D. J. B. Jervis, the chairman of Prince's, Sandwich, playing from the 13th tee (Blue Course) with the 9th in the background

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

PRINCE'S, SANDWICH

Situated on the sand-dunes three miles from the old Cinque port of Sandwich, this golf course is different from most courses in Britain in that it is not an old links that have been altered and re-altered to meet the needs of the times, but one entirely reconstructed for the modern ball and modern implements on the site of a course of longstanding reputation. The new links were laid out in 1948 at the instigation of Mr. A. V. Bridgland (now Sir Aynsley Bridgland). There are 27 holes—the Blue (championship) course and a 9-hole course, the Red. The championship course measures 6,681 yards, and can be stretched to 7,145 yards. It can be adjusted to meet weather conditions and the calibre of those who are playing it. The Red Course measures 3,230 yards, but can also be adjusted. Very few bunkers have been introduced, as the best possible use has been made of natural features, including the main ridge, a marram-grown dune known as the Himalayas. The links are backed by a well-appointed and comfortable clubhouse. For those who wish to stay a few days the Guilford Hotel is close by.

Next in this series will be Ipswich Golf Club in the issue of June 16

Sir Geoffrey Howard (Captain) plays out of the rough at the 9th (Red Course). **Above:** Mr. A. Wilson, a club member, drives from the 1st (Blue Course). **Below:** A group of golfers at the 6th tee (Red Course). In the distance is Richborough Power Station. **Right:** From left are Major Jervis (chairman), A. Wilson, R. F. Wade, H. L. S. Pearse, E. S. Harris (Secretary), Sir Geoffrey Howard (Captain) and F. S. Townend (Director)

TRAVEL

SLOVENIA FOR ALL TASTES

By **GORDON COOPER**

One of the many pleasant aspects of Slovenia is the possibility it offers to combine mountain, lake and sea in one holiday. Northernmost of Yugoslavia's six republics, it is very different in many ways from its neighbours. Turkish influence, so evident in many other parts of the country, is absent here, except in the ever-present and excellent Turkish coffee. It is rather the proximity of Austria, both geographically and historically, that has moulded the cities and villages and, however unpopular the association may have been, left its mark on Slovenian character and culture.

Indeed, the atmosphere is wholly "Western," while amenities such as roads are of a generally high standard. The language of Slovene, too, differs considerably from Serbo-Croat. As yet, English is not widely spoken outside main centres, and a knowledge of German is extremely useful.

Slovenia has only about 20 miles of coast, pressed by the hills in a series of bays between the Italian frontier near Trieste and the republic's best-known and most cosmopolitan resort, Portorož. The Central Hotel (B cat.) is recommended here. For sheer personality, however, I preferred the nearby small resort of Piran, with its harbour, quaint streets and pretty square. The two C category hotels offer clean, simple accommodation, or one can stay very comfortably in private rooms.

Farther up the coast is Koper, another small town of character (B category Hotel Triglav rec.), while across the bay from it the Adria, at Ankaran, is ideal for a quiet holiday. The main building of this hotel (B cat.) is in a former monastery, with accommodation in nearby two-storey "cottages," all rooms with shower. Ankaran is linked by motor-boat service with Koper, and a wide range of excursions are arranged from the various resorts to places of interest, even as far afield as Venice.

It is about 65 miles from the coast to Ljubljana, the republic's capital, the road running first into steep hills and then across a plateau. After ten miles or so, you will pass Rižana national park and, near it, Hrastovlje with its very beautiful medieval church, the theme of whose frescoes have been reproduced in part in one of the restaurants in Bled Castle.

A few miles farther, Socerb Castle perches on its eyrie a little off the main road, offering magnificent views across to the coast as far as Trieste. Farther still, and a branch road to the left leads to Lipica, original home of the Lippizzan horses, while another sign points to Škocjanske caves. Less known than those of Postojna, they are wilder, less "organised" and hauntingly rugged.

Organised though they may be, however, the famous Postojna caves, stretching for 13 miles or more, should certainly not be missed. A train takes you for the first two miles into the caves, and then a guide leads the way on foot for perhaps an hour through the floodlit stalactites and stalagmites of this weird underworld. Near Postojna is the dramatic sixteenth-century castle of Predjama, built on the site of a much earlier stronghold.

The approach to Ljubljana brings you past the southern outposts of the Julian Alps. Seventy per cent. of all visitors to Yugoslavia pass through this city each year and, though it tends to give a rather dull first impression, the old part has a mellow baroque, crouching beneath the Castle hill by the swift green waters of Ljubljanica River. There are also a few remains of the Roman encampment, named Emona after a much earlier Illyrian settlement within the boundaries of present-day Ljubljana.

Much of the post-1930 part of the city is the work of one architect, Plečnik, and is in fact known as Plečnik's Ljubljana. Undoubtedly, however, one of his greatest works is to be found at Krizanke, a former monastic complex associated with the Teutonic Knights of the Cross and, earlier still, with the Knights-Templars. Plečnik adapted the old buildings and even older remains with great harmony as one of the chief sites for the annual Ljubljana Festival.

A drive of an hour or so brings you from Ljubljana to Bled, the best-known tourist centre of the Julian Alps. With its big hotels, sport and entertainment facilities, it has much in common with the mountain resorts of Austria and Switzerland—not least its magnificent situation on a lake steeply sided by forested mountains with the perpetual glint of snow on the higher peaks beyond. These include Triglav which, at about 9,000 ft., is the highest in Yugoslavia.

Overhanging the lake on its sheer rock face is Bled Castle. The present structure dates from the Baroque period, but it retains much of its original medieval aspect, and contains two restaurants and a new night club. There are innumerable excursions to be made in this area, on foot, by car, bus or, best of all, horse and carriage to local beauty spots and surrounding villages. Among the latter, I recommend Kropa, a lovely spot famous for its wrought ironwork.

Another lake centre is Bohinj, about 20 miles away—smaller and quieter than Bled, but with even more rugged scenery. This includes Savica waterfall, where the waters gathered from seven lakes plunge down to the valley in full force to form one of the branches of the Sava River. Recommended at Bohinj is the Zlatorog Hotel (B cat.), behind which a new cable car, rising about 3,300 ft., will be open next year. Coach excursions in this area include the magnificent Trenta Valley.

Prices in Yugoslavia are low, with *šljivovica* at from 6d. a glass and local cigarettes at about 8d. for twenty. Full board in a B category hotel at the height of the season averages 30s. to 35s. (minimum stay of three days) with private shower or bath, and drops considerably before July 1 and after August 31.

By road Slovenia can be reached comfortably in three days; by rail in about thirty hours. From London to Zagreb by air takes about five hours, thence by bus to Ljubljana in 2½ hours; alternatively, in summer there are excellent coach connections between Bled and Klagenfurt.

Further information can be obtained from the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143, Regent Street, London, W.1.

The church at the east end of Lake Bohinj. **Right:** The island church in the middle of Lake Bled, with President Tito's palace among the trees on the right

The cathedral overlooking the river in the old part of the city of Ljubljana

THE NEW CAR-SLEEPER FROM CALAIS TO LYSS

A trial run on the new Calais-Lyss car-sleeper has convinced me that new horizons will be open for many motorists who use this time-saving route to Switzerland. The little town of Lyss, just north of Berne, is an ideal starting-point for tours of Switzerland and through runs to Italy, Austria, Yugoslavia and even Greece.

After motoring down to Dover you cross by the afternoon car-ferry to Calais, driving off round to the town station, about a mile away from the docks. There, car-jockeys load the cars on to the double-deck carriers, which, although streamlined and efficient, are open to the weather. This may mean that a wash-down may be required at Lyss, which I saw the railway people doing there on my recent arrival. First- and second-class wagons-lits are available and second-class *couchettes*. Between Calais and Metz a restaurant car is attached to the train, where a very good dinner is served. Arriving as you do at 6.34 in the morning, there is plenty of time to sort yourself out in the quite spacious station yard, where there is very adequate parking room, and have breakfast opposite at the Hotel Post, which is now all geared up to serve English breakfasts if required. Already the roads in Lyss have been sign-posted, and instructions to drive on the right are repeated several times. The return journey is conveniently timed for departure at 8.35 in the evening. There is no restaurant car on the return journey, which means an early dinner in Lyss, but a packed breakfast with hot coffee is available in the morning before arriving at Calais at 9.20 a.m. Ample time is allowed for catching the cross-Channel ferry, which leaves at 11.15 a.m., arriving at Dover at 12.45 p.m.

Return fares from Calais to Lyss for cars range from £14 to £23 10s., and for passengers, first-class £16 8s. return, second-class £11 1s. return. Supplements for *couchettes* are £1 18s. per person, for wagons-lits, first-class double £7 16s. per person and wagons-lits second-class £6 13s. per person.

Since cars must not exceed 5 ft. 4½ ins. in height overall, large luggage grids must be removed. This is also required even though cars fitted with them do not exceed this height. These points should be borne in mind when setting out. Large trunks which cannot be put inside the car should be left behind. Customs formalities and border checks are reduced to a minimum. The passengers are very unlikely to be disturbed, the sleeping-car attendants collecting passports and all the usual cards soon after departure.

When you consider the drive of nearly 500 miles, and the possibility of at least one, if not two night stops en route at hotels, there may be indeed a price advantage, particularly if you take into account the wear and tear on your car. The extra convenience cannot, of course, be easily valued, but a flying start of this kind makes it possible to contemplate places much farther south and east for your holiday.

W. D. C. C.

BOOKS

HEMINGWAY BY HIS BROTHER

A new study of the writer; books on Marie Stopes and Browning; other non-fiction; this week's novels

Brothers are not always each other's best biographers, as time and literature have proved. Often they are quite poor biographers because, although they may have known their subject with the incomparable intimacy of a shared childhood, they may also have grown apart in later years without realising that both writer and the written-about develop and change. Mr. Leicester Hemingway's book about his brother Ernest is, therefore, all the more welcome since it is a record of a life, from a family point of view certainly, but set down by a man who could view him objectively and who had always kept in close touch with him, in spite of the differences between their careers. MY BROTHER, ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.) is well worth reading if you have known that wonderful writer's work, and it would be enjoyable in any case as a straightforward, candid and affectionate portrait.

In writing the biography of MARIE STOPES (Hogarth Press. 25s.) Mr. Keith Briant has used not only the material which Dr. Stopes had left herself for that purpose but has been able to draw on his own experience of friendship over twenty years. Marie Stopes, who was surely one of the best-known women in England in her day, and whose Memorial Clinic was opened by the President of the Royal College of Physicians last year, was known chiefly for her courageous crusade for birth control. Her career was a brilliant and often stormy one but it was by no means entirely dedicated to medicine, for she was a widely-read and cultivated woman, a poet and had a great talent for making friends.

There are signs of a revival of interest—and about time, too!—in the work of the poet Robert Browning, and a new book by Miss Dallas Kenmare embodying, in her words, a new approach, may be taken as one of those signs. AN END TO DARKNESS (Peter Owen. 25s.) is a study of the man seen through his work; an appreciation of his poetry and especially of the religious element which contributed to it. Browning's capacity for love, his passion for the truth and his deep interest in the life of nature are aspects of his genius, which the author discusses with insight.

The next book provides as complete a contrast as one could wish: Mr. Derek Tangye's story of the cat which converted him from a severe critic of the feline world to a doting adopted father of a splendid marmalade-coloured specimen, white-shod and white-vested. A CAT IN THE WINDOW (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) may in itself alter readers' feelings about these inscrutable animals, or it may not, but, either way, it will make some highly entertaining reading.

In 1917 a loaded ammunition ship collided with another in the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and the resulting explosion, the greatest man-made one until Hiroshima, destroyed the town, started a tidal wave and was heard fifty-two miles away. In THE TOWN THAT DIED (Souvenir Press. 21s.) Mr. Michael J. Bird tells the extraordinary story of the disaster and its aftermath with the exactness of an official report and in colourful detail.

HARRY ANDREWS as Robert Rockhart, the tough Australian pioneer farmer, in John Hall's drama, *The Lizard on the Rock*, at the Phœnix Theatre, London

ANGER AND AFTER (Methuen. 30s.) is Mr. John Russell Taylor's *Guide to the New British Drama*, and a most absorbing volume of criticism, information and reference it is. The author takes 1956, the year of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, as his starting-point and has taken his survey up to the present time. He has distinguished several distinct "waves" in the theatre during that period: the group who followed John Osborne at the Royal Court Theatre; Miss Joan Littlewood's writers at Stratford East; and the others from the English provinces rather than London.

It is pleasant to be able to report that the first of the novels in this week's list is very funny, very clever and very English. POSSIT (Gollancz. 18s.), by Mr. William Thornton, is about a young master at a provincial grammar school, but a school with a difference, as one very quickly discovers. It isn't very often that one honestly laughs aloud as one reads; this is delightful and highly recommendable.

Mr. Neil Bell has used a strongly dramatic, if not wholly original, device in his new novel, PORTRAIT OF GIDEON POWER (Redman. 16s.). A clergyman has died and is called before the judgment seat while invisible witnesses testify to his character and bless or damn him in their several ways. A taxi-driver, a lover, a governess, a university friend, his uncle, his curate, and many others: all of them contribute a piece to complete the puzzle of the kind of man he was. With RICHARD TEMPLE (Macmillan. 18s.), the author has designed his story in the form of long reminiscence bracketed between impressions of the here-and-now. A young man, a rebel against the English life of the '30's, goes to war and becomes a prisoner. In his cell he re-lives his brief life and reviews his failures in personal

EVIL HEYDRICH

A study of one of Hitler's lieutenants

Reinhard Heydrich, Hitler's Viceroy in the Czech Protectorate of Bohemia-Moravia, who was assassinated in Prague in June 1942 by Czech parachutists dropped from an R.A.F. bomber, had also tasks even more formidable than the "pacification" of Germany's newly-acquired middle-European lands. The true nature of these tasks became apparent with the capture, interrogation and trial of Adolf Eichmann, for Heydrich was the master-mind behind Eichmann, the appointed exterminator of the Jewish people and of 30,000,000 Slavs as well. Charles Wighton has written the biography of this extraordinary and evil man so concerned in Hitler's macabre "final solution." HEYDRICH (Odhams Press. 25s.) reveals on the one hand a man of intellect, superficial charm, and personal courage, a lover of music and much that seemed good in the German tradition. Mr. Wighton tells his story dramatically and well; but even so, long before the end the reader may be weary of this monotonous tale of Machiavellian villainy, degradation, and hate.

Two crucial battles of the Second World War, one on land and the other at sea, also form the subject of new books. Alan Clark's THE FALL OF CRETE (Anthony Blond. 25s.) describes the five days of bitter fighting which, to use the words of Churchill himself, was "a head-on collision with the very spearpoint of the German lance." What is so fascinating about this struggle is the knife-edge on which it was balanced; how near the Germans were to breaking off the action, with only the single foothold of battered Maleme airstrip on which to land reinforcements. Alan Clark puts the battle under a microscope, and it makes fascinating reading. Lieut.-Commander Michael Ogden's THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH CAPE (William Kimber. 30s.) is another account of a closely-contested struggle fought with much skill on both sides. On Christmas Day, 1943, the German battle cruiser *Scharnhorst*, with five escorting destroyers, sailed from her Norwegian base to intercept an Allied convoy bound for Murmansk. It may well be that this battle is the last surface action of its kind history will record. The struggle centred round the British attempt to lure the faster *Scharnhorst* within gun range of the heavier-armed *Duke of York*. How the feat was achieved by sound waiting tactics and *Scharnhorst* disappeared beneath the northern waters with her guns still firing is part of naval history.

Once again quoting Churchill, this time in regard to World War I, "The first collision was a drama that was never surpassed, and all that happened afterwards consisted in battles, which, however formidable and devastating, were but desperate and vain appeals against the decisions of fate." Taking this as her theme Barbara Tuchman has told the story of that first collision. AUGUST 1914 (Constable. 45s.) deals with those first thirty days when names like Liège, Mons, Charleroi and Tannenberg loomed large across the world's headlines. The narrative ends on the eve of the Battle of the Marne, which just saved the war from being won by Germany. "When it was all over," Mrs. Tuchman declares, "the war had many diverse results and one single dominant one transcending all others: disillusion." This is magnificent historical writing, a work of scholarship with a remarkable leavening of human interest.

BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR, 1962 (Encyclopædia Britannica. 5 guineas) records the dramatic events of 1961, not least the first of the spacemen to go into orbit, the redoubtable Major Gagarin. The volume contains 560 pages and over 400 illustrations.

Roger Mortimer's THE HISTORY OF THE DERBY STAKES (Cassell. 5 guineas) describes every race for the Blue Riband from 1780 to 1961. This has been a real labour of love by one of our leading racing correspondents, and the volume is superbly bound and illustrated.

SAM SNEAD ON GOLF (Nicholas Kaye. 18s.) will appeal to all who wish to improve their game. The pictures are designed to assist in achieving correct stance and swing, and the whole lesson is well presented.

Richard Edmonds

relationships, his successes in painting. Mr. Patrick O'Brian has written about his unheroic hero with solid, three-dimensional good sense, creating both the man and his world in credible terms. I found this a very interesting piece of work indeed.

Another parson is the central figure of Mr. Michael Tree's novel, THOSE WEAKER GLORIES (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), which is the coolly and intelligently-told story of an apparently placid suburb and the forces which work like yeast below the surface. THE PASSION OF GABRIELLE (Gollancz. 16s.) is Mr. Malcolm Stuart Boylan's irreverent and very amusing tale of a coal-black Catholic priest returning in disgrace to his native Caribbean island because he has played swing music on the great organ of St. Sulpice in Paris. Funny, touching and even exciting.

Mr. Peter de Vries is a writer of much subtlety; of wit and originality and style. His novels up to now have been some of the funniest to be published in this decade and pounced on by the discriminating just as soon as they left the printing presses. Now, with THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB (Gollancz. 18s.), he tells the poignant and almost unbearably moving story of the slow death of a child. It is a wonderfully sensitive book, never mawkish for a single line, and bearing the imprint of the most delicate perception.

The two historical novels this week are both of more than usual interest, different as they are in their styles and periods. THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE RED POPPY (Longmans. 18s.), by M. Henri Troyat, is a fast-paced, high-spirited story of France and Russia in Napoleonic times, and of a Parisian heroine even more daring than her officer-husband. M. Troyat has the gift of story-telling, a workmanlike style and a sense of historical perspective, which is by no means an automatic gift to a writer of his kind. WILDERNESS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is Mr. Robert Penn Warren's novel about a European Jew who came from Europe to America a hundred years ago, searching for the expression of the ideal that had been his father's and that he had inherited: the ideal of freedom. The Civil War is raging and he is caught up into it, involved, made doubly unhappy and, finally, given the glimpse of a revelation which will affect his whole future. Mr. Warren has a poetic style and, by the same token, a directness which is very pleasing. His descriptions of natural scenes, of woods and water, are quite memorable.

OVER THE TUNNEL (Harvill. 16s.) is not quite a thriller, not exactly a detective story but it *is* about a murder, committed by an unknown person and putting an innocent man in grave danger. Mlle. Anne Rives has made this man the narrator of her haunting little story and achieved a very neat couple of tricks in the process. A more conventionally police-ridden story is Mr. D. M. Devine's DOCTORS ALSO DIE (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.), which is set in a Scottish town and relies on the perils of gossip and malicious suggestion for its excitement.

Vernon Fane

AN INVALUABLE GUIDE

The 1962 Debrett, or to give its full title, DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE AND COMPANIONAGE (Odhams Press. 12 gns.) is, sad to say, the last edited by Mr. Cyril F. J. Hankinson, who retired in May after forty years' service. In his preface he comments on the marriage of the Duke of Kent to Miss Katharine Worsley that the Duchess of Kent is a descendant of Oliver Cromwell. He adds, " As far as can be ascertained, no other descendants of the Protector had previously married into the Royal Family." One is glad to report that the standards of this magnificently-produced book are as high as ever.

J. W.

The Mikado (John Holmes) listens to Ko-Ko (Clive Revill) in a scene from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera

Yum-Yum (Marion Studholme) and Ko-Ko

THE MIKADO

at Sadler's Wells

For their second excursion into the territory of D'Oyly Carte, Sadler's Wells have chosen *The Mikado*. Lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan should find that the new production no more tampers with the spirit of the Savoy operas than did their first excursion—*Iolanthe*. The critics found much to like in the new *Mikado*, particularly in the realm of gesture and movement, where stylisation has given way to expressiveness. Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner, as played by Clive Revill, is the main departure from tradition. He is no fussy little Japanese tailor but a sharp, Cockney trader, full of irrepressible broad humour.

Photographs by Reg Wilson

Nanki-Poo (John Wakefield); Yum-Yum; Poo-Bah (Denis Dowling); Pitti-Sing (Patricia Kern); Peep-Bo (Dorothy Nash)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Henry Boot

The chairman of the Henry Boot Group of Companies, Mr. Henry M. Boot, is seen in the setting of The Boltons, in Kensington, of the Group's London offices. He was born in 1903 in the small house attached to his grandfather's builder's yard in Sheffield and succeeded his uncle, the late Mr. Edward Boot, as chairman in 1953. In the thirty-seven years which Mr. Henry Boot has been with the company, he has seen it grow from a small local builders into a group of nineteen companies whose activities range from building, civil engineering and railway engineering, contracting, joinery manufacturing and brickworking to property owning and development. Mr. Boot was educated locally and then served his articles as a pupil civil engineer on waterworks construction from 1921 to 1924. He joined the family firm in 1925 as engineer and later as agent, and was elected to the board in the following year. In addition to his work as chairman of an expanding Group, Mr. Boot is a member of the Institute of Structural Engineers and was for many years a member of the executive committee of the Yorkshire section of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors, and chairman in 1943. He is married with five children all married and nine grandchildren, and regards playing with his grandchildren as his principal hobby. In addition, he enjoys driving both at home and on the Continent and plays an occasional game of golf. Up to a few years ago, he was an enthusiastic cricketer, who was well known as a dashing batsman on village greens in North Derbyshire. He lives at Bents House, Bradfield Dale, near Sheffield

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOMATION

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Something rather remarkable is about to begin in an abandoned mine in North Wales. At the Parc Mine, near Llanrwst, a joint venture organised by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, the National Research and Development Corporation and about a dozen British engineering companies is being set in train to study the possibilities of applying full automation to all the processes of ore preparation, concentration and primary processing in metalliferous mining. This is a kind of large-scale concerted experiment, more or less on the level of "a pilot plant," in co-ordinating the various forms of treatment that have to be applied to such ores, controlling each part of the process, and linking all of them into a smooth, self-regulating sequence with as little human intervention as possible. Eventually, it aims at moving and processing a solid, and to start with an irregular solid, as readily without any human handling as liquids and gases move through an oil refinery or chemical plant.

Part of the initiative for this experiment in automation came from outside Britain—from Russia. Some years ago, at the time when trade with the Eastern bloc was largely freed, the Russians put an inquiry out to certain Western engineering and instrument companies for the design of a fully-automatic ore concentration plant. A design study was carried through by a British and possibly other European companies. Whether the plant was ever built exactly to that design is not known in the West. But the ideas generated by the order remained in the West—and have been taken seriously enough to result in this joint effort to turn them into practical ironmongery.

This is an experiment in rather an advanced degree of automation. Five years ago, when this word was all the vogue, it often in practice didn't mean very much. Any process that involved rather more mechanical operation and rather less manpower to do any given job tended to be introduced to the world with much talk about "automation," though it would have been called "mechanisation" a few years before, when the fashionable word hadn't come into use.

But since then there have been many developments in technique that more fully deserve the title—in which the saving of human labour is supplemented by some degree of self-regulation, with meters comparing the level of operation with pre-set standards and correcting them if they vary from what is required. And here and there—as in this ore-processing plant—engineers are putting even more meaning into the word—with plants in which the levels of operation in particular parts of the process are not absolutely fixed, but are themselves varied and kept in balance by "master controllers," according to the continuous measurement of the quality of the final product.

This process has advanced fastest in the United States, so far as the West is concerned (we really don't know about Russia). In the United States, some engineers and economists would argue, they can already discern the beginnings of some rather far-reaching effects upon the structure of industry—and employment. Over the last few years, America has had rather larger fluctuations in its economy than we have on this side of the Atlantic. Britain complains about "stop-go" policies; but we have seldom encountered any significant fall in production, only periods of stagnation with a few industries encountering recession. In the United States the periods of growth have been faster than here, in general; but the recessions have cut deeper, too.

No theorists of automation—yet—are trying to attribute all of this to the advance of automatic processing alone. But they do consider automation among the causes of one rather worrying aspect of it—continued and growing unemployment. The American economy has turned upward after each dip, and generally gone on higher than ever before. Employment in industry hasn't. Unemployment has stayed level or continued to grow slightly. Industry, as demand recovers, is able to produce more than ever. But its extra production doesn't need a similar proportion of extra men.

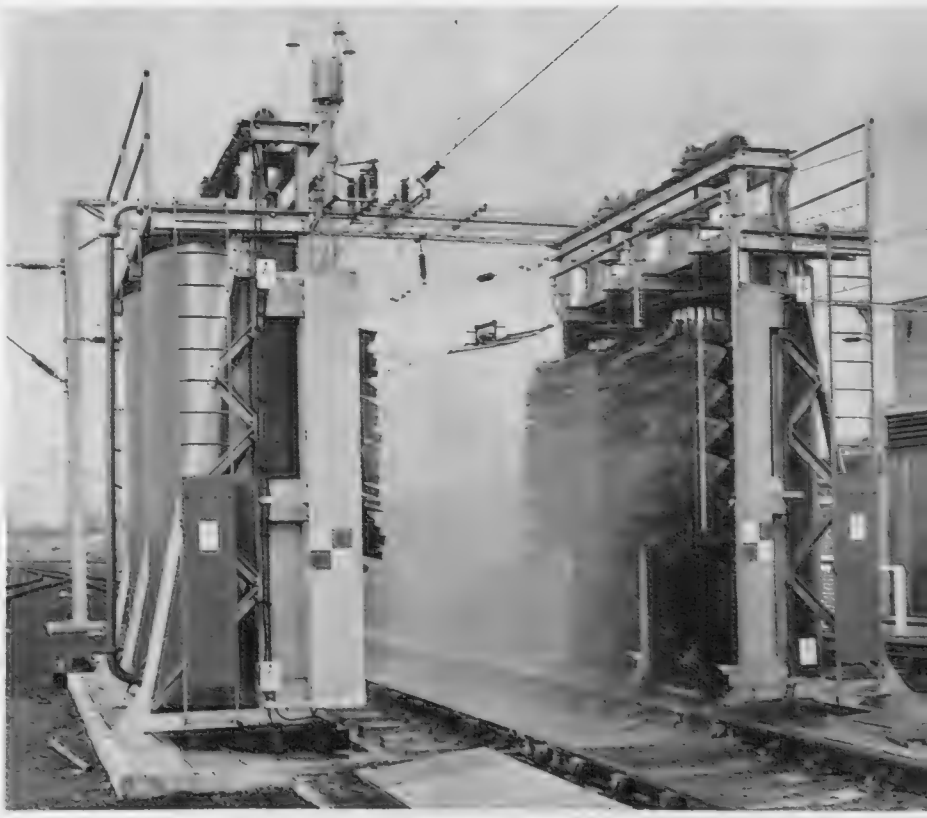
This is due in part to a steady mechanisation of techniques, such as has been going on for decades. But it is now reaching a level where the continued advance of mechanisation—and the growth of the American working population—are not matched by the growth in total demand and hence in production. Productivity per man hour is going up faster, during the successive periods of boom, than production. So employment in industry doesn't rise, and may indeed go on falling. There is an increase in some ranges of white-collar jobs, and in most kinds of employment in services. But not enough, of late, to mop up the extra labour available.

How much has automation got to do with this? More, some of its exponents argue, than may be apparent. A large amount of advanced automatic processing has been installed in American industry during the last five years; and it has usually been sold, they argue, on rather conservative promises of performance. New machines always arouse fears about jobs. The usual way to allay these has been to say that the same numbers of people will be required, but with far more output than before; that retirement, without people being replaced, will smooth out the transition; or that retraining in other parts of the business will absorb people made surplus.

This is all true providing there is demand for far more output; that retirement thins out the ranks fast enough; or that other parts of the business aren't being automated too. Across the economy, it will be all right provided that other parts of the economy are growing and needing the new labour who will be coming forward to replace the people who retire. The American population is growing, and more young people are looking for their first jobs than old people thankfully leaving their last ones. But it depends rather crucially on the rates of change involved. If the automatic processing in question should offer only moderate improvements for a year or two and then, once the management has really got the hang of using controls and computers, allow really dramatic economies in labour for a given amount of output, one can well imagine some rather indigestible consequences for employment.

Whether this is one of the underlying causes of American unemployment—and even of America's greater tendency nowadays towards business fluctuation—is debatable. Many experts have more conventional explanations. But the possibility is there; and it looks a little more plausible nowadays than it did a few years ago when anyone who raised the question whether automation might complicate the workings of industrial economies was looked on as an alarmist killjoy among the euphoria of the enthusiasts. Nowadays, some of those enthusiasts are among the more apprehensive; not that this makes them less ready to advance with automation, but only more anxious that its broader economic effects should be studied.

How does such apprehension look in Britain, an economy where labour is distinctly the scarcest resource around? In the short run, perhaps, it isn't relevant here; automation can be seen mainly as an opportunity, enabling Britain to increase production faster than our labour supplies would allow, and perhaps without the debilitating inflation we have that has accompanied growth so far since the war. It is doubtful whether Britain has any particular "edge" in the development of automatic techniques at present. But it could be, for a time, one of the economies most suited to benefit from them, and this is a healthy environment for technique to develop in. Later, and perhaps not too much later, automation could re-create problems of unemployment here, too. But we are likely to have time—and data from American experience—to prepare against this problem of the future well in advance.



An automatic carriage-washing machine is part of the facilities provided during the remodelling of the carriage stabling sidings at Colchester Station. By night, the cleaning yard is illuminated by mercury vapour discharge lamps mounted on lattice steel towers and remotely controlled from the diesel depot. Remodelling of the sidings is only part of major improvements carried out in the Colchester area—partial reconstruction of the station, modernisation of the signalling (including a new signal box), and track improvements, enabling the speed restriction of 40 m.p.h. through the station to be lifted. The work is a step in the Eastern Region's plans for introducing through electric train services between Liverpool Street and East Coast resorts

A section of the 165-ft. Kougha Dam now nearing completion on the Kougha River in Cape Province, South Africa

Workmen dig an irrigation

DAM ON THE KOUGHA

The Kougha Dam, in the Gamtoos Valley, in the hinterland of Port Elizabeth in East Cape Province in South Africa, is one of the first and smallest projects in the complex conservation efforts of a nation lacking in big rivers and snow-capped peaks. The plans for hydro-electric development in South Africa centre on the Orange River Project which was announced recently by the Government. The heart of this £225,000,000 plan will be the building of three giant dams on the Orange in the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein, at the geographical centre of the Republic. From these dams water will be directed southwards to parts of the eastern Cape Province, by linking with southward-flowing rivers, and westwards to the Atlantic, to be regulated for beneficial use in areas along the way. Means of distribution will include two tunnels and a series of canals.

The dam of the Kougha River is an integral part of this complex. This project will carry water to irrigate 11,000 acres in the Gamtoos Valley, where the crop is largely citrus fruit. More than 900 men are working on it, and when completed it will be 165 ft. high, feeding 40 miles of irrigation canals from a reservoir. The dam will also provide 40,000,000 gallons of water for the city of Port Elizabeth and its industries. When the Kougha Dam is completed it will be the highest in South Africa until it is superseded by other dams in the Orange River Project such as the Ruigte Dam, which, in its first phase, will have a height of 200 ft., and ultimately of 390 ft.

It is estimated that the irrigation aspect of the Orange River Project will ultimately increase the Republic's annual agricultural production by £56,800,000. The main crops involved will be fruit (citrus and deciduous), lucerne, cotton and wheat; and the increased yield from animal husbandry will be some £8,500,000 annually. The project also makes provision for a network of hydro-electric stations with a total potential of 177,000 kilowatts.

t will soon bring water to the valley below. **Below left:** A general view of the dam. **Below right:** One of the water tunnels under construction

GOOD LIVING *By Ganymede*

A live reconstruction of a famous impressionist painting greeted the guests arriving for a party given jointly by the Champagne house of Perrier-Jouët and W. & A. Gilbey Limited, their recently appointed British agents. The painting was the " Bar at the Folies Bergère," by Manet, and Miss Rita Froggett, who was behind the bar, had been chosen from many applicants for her great resemblance to the original Suzon, Manet's barmaid.

The reason for giving the party was twofold: to celebrate the introduction of the firm's 1955 vintage wine and also the 150th anniversary of the house. This was slightly overdue, for, as was pointed out by M. Michel Budin, the technical director of Perrier-Jouët, the date of the foundation was 1811. Their champagne was first shipped to England in 1815, " so that the English could celebrate the victory of Waterloo in a suitable manner," he told us. Since then, his house has produced many famous vintages. In its distinguished career the product was served on many royal and historical occasions.

I can confirm this with a reference to Professor George Saintsbury's *Notes on a Cellar Book*. He mentioned the Perrier-Jouët 1857 as the best champagne he ever drank. This was part of a parcel believed to have been shipped for Queen Victoria. At the great age of twenty-seven it was majestic, deep amber in colour and like a sparkling liqueur.

A special guest at the party was television's Simenon detective Mr. Rupert Davies, who in his best Maigret manner expressed his great regret that the inspector was not a champagne drinker, but regarded it rather as a drink for special celebrations. M. Budin, of course, begged to differ on this point.

The new vintage wine, dispensed by two cellarmen wearing their traditional clothes, who had been flown over for the occasion from Epernay, was very much approved by the guests at the party. It is fairly full-bodied, and yet has a delicate, elegant bouquet, characteristics which are bound to make it a great success.

Earlier the same day, I witnessed the final stages of the judging of the Cointreau Competition. Organised by the Cointreau Information Centre in conjunction with the U.K. Bartenders' Guild, the competition was open to all members of the Guild. About 150 entries had been received. Competitors had to submit an original recipe for a new long drink containing Cointreau, and name it. The recipe had to be inexpensive and easy to mix.

The final judging was of the twelve finalists, who had to mix their drinks in front of their hosts, M. and Madame Robert Cointreau, and a number of guests. The drinks, marked only with a code letter, were taken to the judges, who were operating behind locked doors in another room. It was great fun to watch these experts mixing their drinks with the deftness of conjurers, and pour out six glasses of each, one for every member of the jury.

Mr. Dennis Jack Tovell, bartender at the Mayflower Hotel and Country Club, Cobham, Surrey, was declared the winner, his drink is called " Long Glen." The recipe is indeed simple: ½ Cointreau, ½ Gordon's Gin, add ice, and top up the glass with Bitter Lemon. Besides winning the Cointreau Cup, which he holds for a year, he also won a silver ashtray and a weekend trip to Angers as a guest of the Cointreau family.

Miss Froggett in front of Manet's " Bar at the Folies Bergère "

One of the sixty-one bridges and viaducts—known as the Hunt Kennels Bridge—under construction for the M2, the Medway Towns Motorway in Kent. **Right:** A striking view of work in progress on the Stockbury Valley viaduct on the M2. Due to be completed in the spring of 1963, the motorway runs from the A2 on the London side of Rochester and rejoins the A2, one and a half miles from Faversham, near Canterbury. Main contractors for the roadway are George Wimpey and John Laing. The 26-mile-long motorway will have two lanes in either direction and will cost about £16,000,000. A main section of it is the 116-ft.-high bridge over the Medway, west of Rochester. It has a 500-ft.-long cantilevered central span. Proposals for improvements to the A2 from London to the start of the motorway are due to be made public shortly

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BUSY ROADS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

" Results for 1961 show an improvement over those of the previous years and I hope that those of the current year will be even better." This encouraging statement, in marked contrast with the flow of profit and dividend warnings now coming from industry, was made recently by Sir Charles Burman, chairman of the Tarmac road construction group.

This sector of British industry seems assured of expanding business over the years ahead, as the Government have at last recognised the need to increase spending on road work. Expenditure out of central funds has been raised from £65,000,000 in 1959-60 to £76,000,000 in 1960-61. The total rose again to nearly £90,000,000 in the financial year ended last April. This growth trend will continue over the years ahead, with expenditure of some £112,000,000 expected in the current financial year and the massive total of £608,000,000 budgeted for the United Kingdom over the five years ending 1966-67.

A good deal of this expenditure reflects arrears of work in the post-war years. Since the mid-1930's Britain's road mileage has increased only marginally from 183,000 to 195,000, though the number of vehicles in use has more than trebled. Even the projected rise in road spending may not prove adequate, for some estimates put the desirable outlay at nearly £200,000,000 against the average of an annual £120,000,000 which is proposed over the years ahead.

In the road-building industry Tarmac itself ranks as a major trade unit, specialising in the production of road material, stones, kerbs, and other essentials with civil engineering contracting. Profits fell in 1960, but the acquisition of new subsidiaries in that year and internal

COMPANY MEETING REPORT:

THE BLUE CIRCLE GROUP

THE LARGEST CEMENT ORGANISATION IN THE WORLD

Extracts from the Statement of
Mr. J. A. E. Reiss,
Chairman of The Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers Limited
The Parent Company

Capital expenditure by our Group during 1961 amounted to £8,649,514 and during the 16 years since the last war we have expended on capital account £74,478,467; during the same 16 years we have provided out of profits £39,873,818 for depreciation and transferred £13,617,650 to Fixed Assets Replacement Reserve, a total of £53,491,468, which is equivalent to nearly 72 per cent. of the outlay.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We experienced the biggest percentage increase in demand last year that we have ever had and our deliveries were 8·57 per cent. higher. Our expansion programme is well under way both as regards increased capacity and the provision of more bulk depots.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I am happy to report, once again, record sales by our overseas interests, amounting to 2,608,339 tons. Our production abroad has grown over four and a half times since the end of the war and we are continuing our policy of expansion where favourable opportunities exist. While over the past decade our expansion has been largely overseas, we have not lost sight of opportunities at home and our plans are designed to ensure the maintenance of our position as the largest cement manufacturing and distributing organisation in the world.

reorganisation produced higher earnings and a larger dividend in 1961. The City expects that further benefits from this rationalisation will appear, along with rising profits from recent years' heavy capital spending.

Another of the largest groups in the industry is the Amalgamated Roadstone Corporation, which owns nearly eighty granite and limestone quarries and produces a wide range of road-making materials. This group is a leading supplier of quarry roadstone in Britain, while its interests also include a stake in British Standard Portland Cement of East Africa, a coastal shipping fleet, and bulk transporters for concrete. During 1960-61 group profits increased by nearly one-fifth and pre-tax earnings by more than £150,000 to just under £950,000. The £1,250,000 spent on capital development last year should emerge in current year's profits. The chairman has described prospects as good.

Shares in both Tarmac and Amalgamated Roadstone, as two major units in the industry, will appeal to investors concerned mainly with capital growth rather than current income. People who are concerned with dividends might look at two smaller groups which should also benefit from Britain's road programme. One of these is Franco Signs, which makes signs of all kinds for advertising, display road directions and engineering goods. One of the group's main divisions is Franco Traffic Signs, which has played a major part in making signs for motorways. Its profits improved by some £5,000, after tax, during 1960-61, when all sections of the business enjoyed successful trading. A slowing-down of new orders was reported at the end of last year but profits on the group's general side should recover now that general industrial conditions have started to improve. The roadwork section is expected to remain fully employed.

One other small group in the road industry whose shares offer useful current income is Constable Hart, the Surrey public works contractors and quarry owners. While profits have expanded steadily since the minor 1958-59 setback, shareholders' dividend has been held at 10 per cent. for several years. But the encouraging report presented earlier this year holds out hope that larger dividends may not be too distant. Constable Hart have gained a " substantial " order for surfacing part of the M6 motorway at " more realistic " prices than have been generally available on motorway contracts.

Basic reason for investing in road shares is the increased spending to which the Government are already committed. Even further rises in spending can be expected over the years ahead, as growing traffic puts increased pressure on Britain's road system. While the road-makers' long-term prospects appear attractive, investors should remember that year-to-year profit fluctuations can be considerable: a long spell of bad weather can have a marked effect on a particular year's earnings. Some of the early road contracts brought little profit—turnover and earnings are very different in this industry—but contract terms now seem to be moving more in the industry's favour. For investors looking for promising growth over the next three to five years, a stake in Britain's road industry could prove one of the more rewarding choices among current investment possibilities.

MOTORING

A VEHICLE DETECTOR

Testing the Volvo 122 saloon; Simca versus Renault; and the A.A.'s Foreign Touring Guide

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Anyone intending to drive northwards through London's Blackwall Tunnel nowadays may find himself diverted by a road sign incorporating a white flashing light, the words "When light flashes Blackwall Tunnel congested," and an arrow pointing in the direction of the Rotherhithe Tunnel.

It is an experiment which is being carried out by the Road Research Laboratory in co-operation with the Borough Engineer of Greenwich. A "vehicle presence detector" has been buried under the road surface 600 yards from the mouth of Blackwall Tunnel, and when a solid queue of vehicles extends from the tunnel to the detector the tell-tale apparatus causes lights to flash on each side of three diversion signs.

A Road Research Laboratory official emphasised that the detector distinguished between a solid queue and free-flowing traffic and told me: "The journey from Greenwich Library to the north bank of the Thames by way of Blackwall Tunnel normally takes ten minutes. When the tunnel, with its narrow carriageway and two sharp bends, becomes congested, it may take up to fifty minutes, compared with twenty-five to thirty minutes for the diversion route via Rotherhithe." If the experiment is successful, detectors may become a permanent feature of traffic control in Britain: to "count" traffic flow and divert drivers along alternative routes.

After road-testing Sweden's Volvo 122 saloon I was not surprised to learn that 1,100 of these strongly-built, well-finished and very comfortable cars were sold in Britain last year and that the U.K. concessionnaires hope to double that figure in 1962. The new 4-cylinder, 1·78-litre engine with five-bearing crankshaft introduced last October gives this five-seat saloon a top speed of 95 m.p.h. The model I tested was equipped with Laycock overdrive, operating on the top ratio of the Volvo's excellent four-speed, all-synchromesh gear-box, and on M 1, during a fast trip to the Midlands, I was able to cruise at 85 m.p.h. in perfect comfort.

The standard 122 costs £1,294, compared with a home market price of only £855. As Sweden is a member of E.F.T.A., the rate of duty on the Volvo is only 18 per cent. compared with 30 per cent. on cars from non-E.F.T.A. countries. The Volvo is a well-equipped car and the standard fittings include Girling disc brakes on the front wheels, three-point safety belts (Volvo was the first car on sale in Britain to provide safety belts at no extra charge), radiator blind, two-speed wipers, screen-washers, two-speed heater and demister, head-lamp flasher and mud-flaps for all four wheels.

A number of British components are used in the manufacture of the Volvo, including the twin S.U. carburettors, rear axles, wheels, valves, bearings and overdrive (£82 extra). In the case of the Volvo P1800 G.T. coupé, assembled in Britain by Jensen of West Bromwich, with a Pressed Steel body and a hotted-up version of the engine used by the 122 saloon, the British content adds up to two-thirds of its total cost.

The sales battle between France's Renault and Simca organisations with their rear-engined, 1,000-c.c., four-seater saloons, is hotting-up. Renault have just announced brief preliminary details of their new Renault 8, which supplements their Dauphine and Gordini models, and Simca have started to sell in the U.K. their 944-c.c. Simca 1000, announced at the Paris Salon last autumn.

In Britain the Simca costs £758, compared with £660 for the Dauphine, £752 for the de luxe Gordini, £613 for Britain's de luxe Ford Anglia, £654 for the de luxe Austin A40 and £601 for the two-door de luxe Morris Minor 1000. The new Simca, like the Renaults, has independent suspension all round and its engine has a five-bearing crankshaft. A top speed of 75 m.p.h. is claimed, with a petrol mileage figure of 40 to the gallon. There is a four-speed, all-synchromesh gear-box and standard fittings include two-tone horn, screen-washers, head-lamp flasher and two-speed heater and demister.

Looking through the 1962 edition of the A.A.'s *Foreign Touring Guide*, I noted that Iseran, in France, on the road from Bourg St. Maurice to Lanslebourg, is still listed as the highest pass in Europe (9,088 ft.) with the Stelvio, in Italy (9,042 ft.), as runner-up. But the A.A. tells me that this distinction should really go to the Col de Restefond, a new road over the French Alps which was opened not long ago and which is about 100 ft. higher than Iseran.

This *Foreign Touring Guide* is available only to A.A. members at 7s. 6d., though it is also issued as part of the Association's foreign touring service. It contains all the information that a motorist needs on a Continental tour, plus a 40-page atlas of Western Europe showing through routes, main roads and motor roads. Greece is included for the first time in the section in which twenty-one countries are dealt with. For each of these countries there is a brief history, with notes on roads, travel, recreation, food and ferry services.

Dipping at random, I find the Guide tells us that Yugoslavia is the only country listed in Europe which requires a visa on a U.K. passport, though Austria and Denmark both ask for one for visits lasting more than three months. On the mechanical side the Guide deals—among many other things—with the problem of vapour lock, often experienced by motorists at high altitude in hot weather. Fuel vapourises in the petrol pump, float chamber or pipeline. The A.A.'s advice is: wrap a wet cloth round the petrol pump and carburettor—and keep it moist.

I was horrified to find Sir William Lyons, the Jaguar and Daimler chief, pouring a bottle of Veuve Clicquot into a car radiator. But the occasion was a special one: a party to open the premises Victor Britain Ltd. have acquired in Headfort Place, S.W.1, for use as H.Q. for their chauffeur-driven hire car fleet; and to announce that they have taken delivery of the first instalment of a large fleet of Daimler limousines.

They formed part of an exhibition of Limousines Through the Ages, and I was interested to note that one of the exhibits—a 25-h.p. Renault of 1911—originally cost £1,200, or nearly as much as the purchase tax on the £3,850 Daimler limousines.

The new Ferodo factory in North Wales, near Caernarvon, which Princess Margaret opened recently, is the first extension of the firm's production capacity outside Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, to take place in the firm's sixty-five years' history. It will be used for the manufacture of brake linings, clutch facings and other products for which this branch of the Turner and Newall industrial "empire" is famous. On a 50-acre site 20 acres have been developed so far at a cost of £2,500,000, plus a further £1,000,000 on additional plant and improvements at Chapel-en-le-Frith.

This important development has been undertaken to keep pace with the general expansion of the motor industry's manufacturing resources and the present labour force of 400 at the new factory will rise to 830 by 1963. At Chapel the main Ferodo plant covers 16 acres and employs more than 2,000 people. Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon were received at Caernarvon by Mr. R. G. Soothill, who is chairman of Turner and Newall, and Mr. N. A. Morling, who is Ferodo's chairman.

The Swedish Volvo 122 saloon

I saw a demonstration the other day of a fascinating motoring gimmick: a car trailer which combines the functions of caravan and dinghy. It is called the Nomad and costs £185.

On the open road the dinghy, turned upside down, forms the roof of the trailer. When the dinghy is removed the lower part of the trailer—fitted with a canvas canopy—can sleep two adults. Components are made of glass fibre. The makers—Andrews Bros. of Liverpool—claim that the boat is virtually unsinkable. It can be used with an outboard motor.

Briefly . . . In the first two months of its existence Britain's High Performance Club enrolled 135 "clients" at £45 a time. . . . New president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is Mr. L. G. T. Farmer, executive vice-chairman of the Rover Co. . . . Full marks to the R.A.C. for distributing thousands of plastic litter bags throughout the U.K. . . . Miss Pat Moss's new co-driver (to replace Mrs. Ann Riley, who is expecting a baby) is Mrs. Pauline Mayman, wife of a Birmingham motor engineer and the mother of two. . . .

The Cumberland Garage, Marble Arch, W.1 now has room for 500 cars following the provision of an additional floor with 150 extra spaces. . . . There will probably be a sample of every Rolls-Royce and Bentley model ever built at a rally this Sunday at Blenheim Palace, near Woodstock.

(See also page 408)

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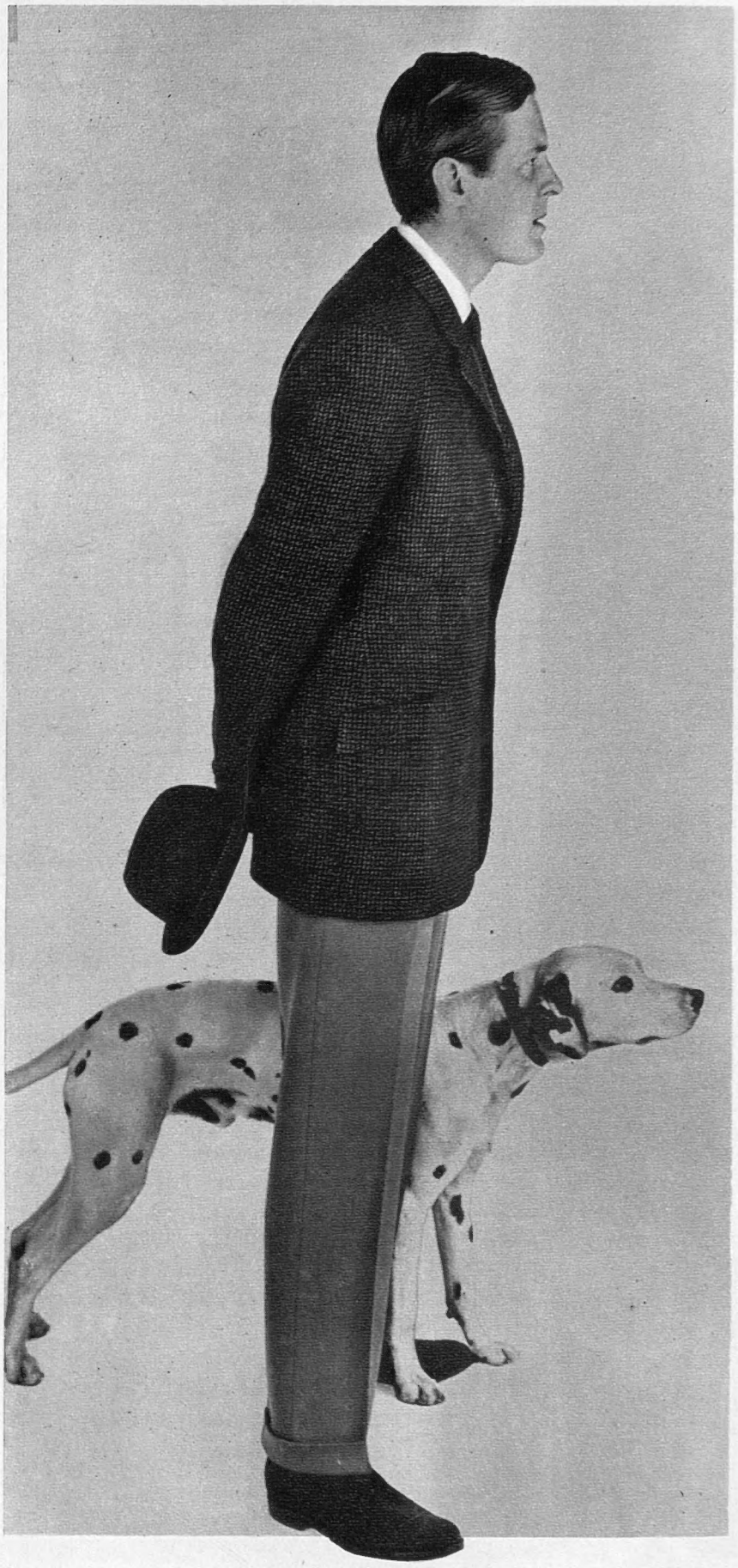

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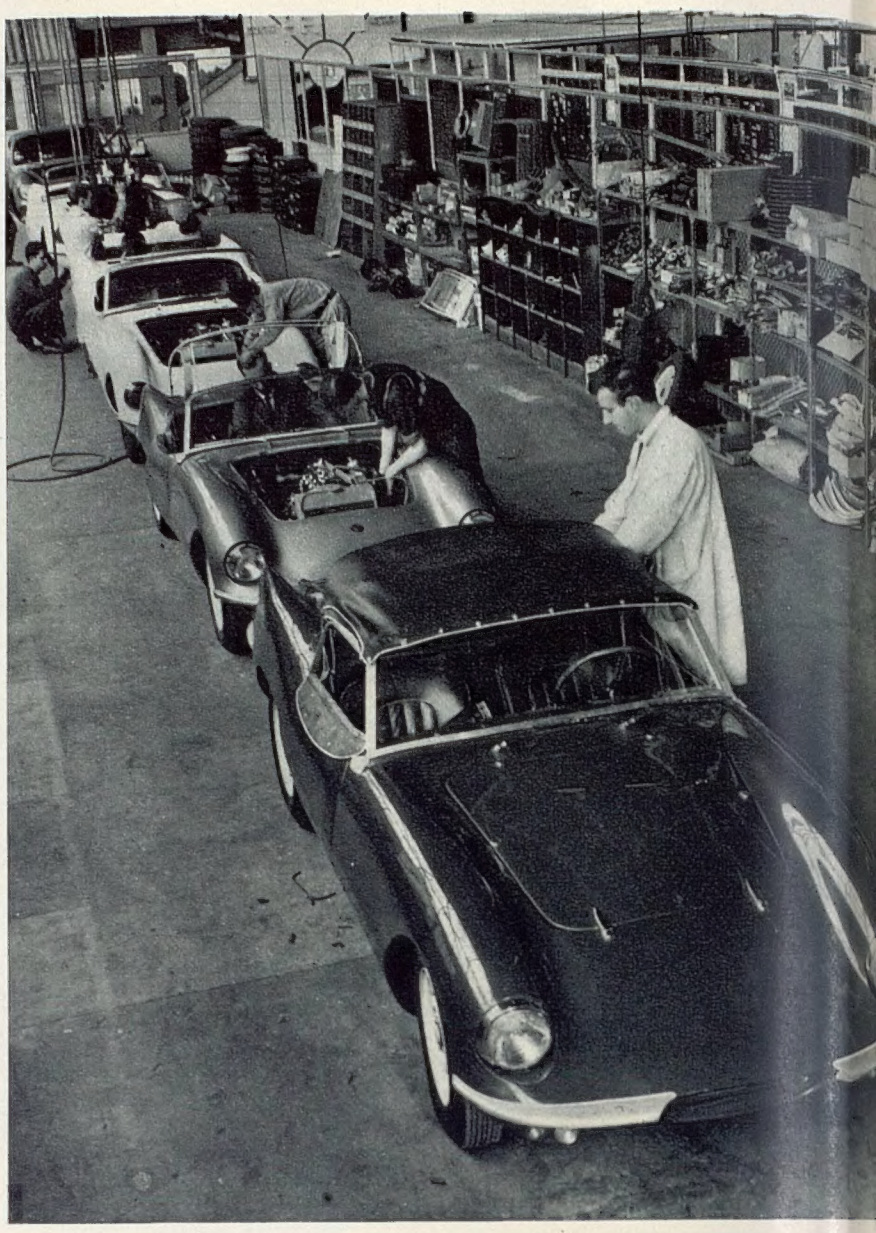

Part of the assembly line for the Elva Courier Mark III at Trojan Works, Croydon, in Surrey. The 105-m.p.h., disc-braked Mark III Courier is offered as either a fixed-head coupé or an open sports two-seater with a hood. It is powered by the British Motor Corporation's 1,622-c.c. "B"-series engine as used in the M.G.A., and has a light, glass fibre body bonded to a sturdy, ladder-type chassis of large-bore tubular steel. The use of other B.M.C. components, including four-speed gear-box, suspension, back-axle and brakes, ensures an efficient spare parts service for the vehicle

MOTORING TOPICS

Detective-Constable Derek Higgins, of Gerald Road Police Station, Victoria, London, watches the engine of his Austin Mini-Traveller being electronically tested and tuned at the London training school of Crypton Equipment, a company in the Metal Industries Group. Mr. Higgins drove his Austin Mini-Traveller with Mr. John Sullivan, also of Gerald Road Station, as co-driver, in the International Police Rally in Belgium. They were members of the team which were runners-up for the team award

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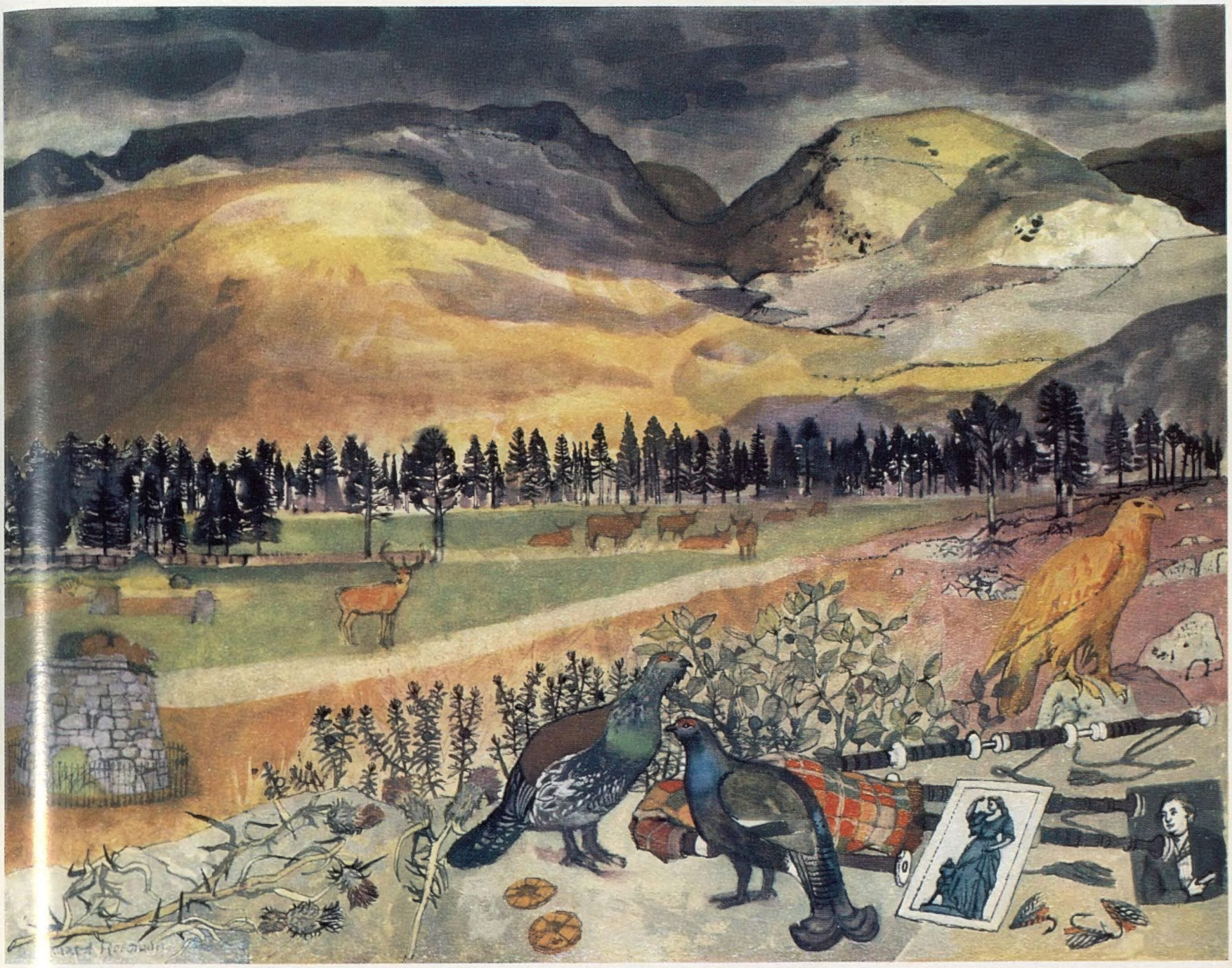
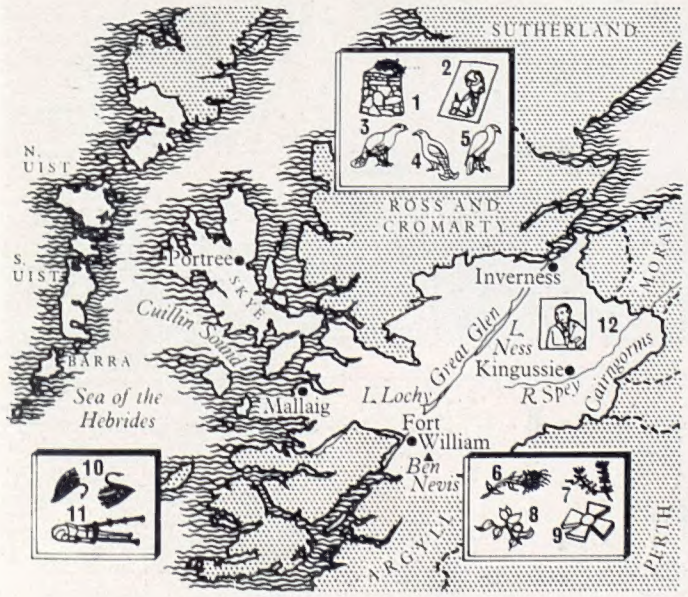


Painted by Leonard Rosoman

Shell guide to INVERNESS-SHIRE



Much of Inverness-shire is in a literal sense the most genuine High Land. The granite Cairngorms heave into the sky a rough plateau which is the largest area in Britain above 3,000 feet. The peak Braeriach (4,285 feet) is the third highest of British mountains. In this composite picture the Cairngorms, where some of the glacial corries keep their snow till June, rise above an aboriginal forest of Scots Pines. To the left, as a reminder of the battle of Culloden in 1746, which decided Prince Charles's fate and future, the painter has set the memorial cairn from Culloden Moor (1), which is only a few miles from Inverness. To the right – from her memorial on Castle Hill, Inverness – observe Flora Macdonald (1722-1790) (2), the heroine who helped Prince Charles to escape over the sea to Skye.

The birds are Capercailzie (3) and Black Grouse (4) and Golden Eagle (5), the plants Scotch Thistle (6), Crowberry (7) (the sharp-tasting fruits make a good jelly), and Blaeberry (8) – which the English call Whortleberry. Scottish brooches (9) recall an Inverness-shire peculiarity, "cairngorms", yellowish or black crystals from the Cairngorm granite. Other Highland items are salmon flies (10), and the pipes (11), and a portrait of James Macpherson (1736-1796) (12), the poet of the twilit poems of "Ossian", born in the mountain parish of Kingussie, at Ruthven, where he was afterwards schoolmaster for a while, before becoming one of the most famous poets of Europe.

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